

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK



A compact, delicious lunch for the traveler o'er land or sea—highly nutritious and digestible—ready any moment. A healthful and invigorating food-drink, invaluable in case of sea-sickness. More wholesome and recuperative than tea, coffee, or cocoa. It is pure, rich milk from our sanitary dairies, with the extract of selected malted cereals.

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A palatable, nutritious confection—a convenient quick lunch for every member of the family, old or young.

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Sample mailed free upon request. Our Booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free, if mentioned.

Ask for **HORLICK'S**; others are imitations.

Horlick's Food Company, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Montreal, Canada. London, England.

**Shakespeare's
Seven Ages
6th: "With spectacles on nose"**

"The Busy Man's Train"

Appropriate in its Name,

Appropriate in its Route,

Appropriate in its Character---

"The 20th CENTURY LIMITED"

This is *The* century of all the ages.

The New York Central—Lake Shore 20-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centers of America) is *The* train of the century, and is appropriately named

"THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED"

A beautiful etching of this train printed on plate paper 24 x 32 inches ready for framing will be sent free to any address on receipt of 50 cents, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

My Book is Free

IT WILL TELL YOU

how to tell a good investment; how to choose between real estate and stocks; how to choose your partners; how to protect yourself in case you should not care to hold an investment indefinitely; how to invest small sums and a hundred and one other things which, no person—man or woman—that is now investing small amounts or that can invest, should miss reading.

My book is not an advertisement of any particular investment. It is a veritable guide book to safe and profitable investments of all kinds. It is entitled "How Money Grows," and is based on my personal experiences and observations. If you can save a few dollars each month, you will want to know all about it.

You can become, through me, a partner in an old established and highly profitable business by paying in a small sum each month for a few months.

This business is expected to pay at least 12 per cent in dividends this year. You can secure an interest in this business that will entitle you to a voice in its management; to know at all times how its affairs are being conducted, and to realize your full percentage of profits which the business earns.

I would like to send you free, complete information concerning this business, its management, sales, finances, etc. I do not want you to invest a dollar until you have the complete story of the business and my reasons for offering this stock for sale. Along with the information, I will give you an abundance of additional proof.

If you are in the least interested, you should write to me to-day, even if you cannot take advantage of this particular offer. You will want to invest your money some day, and so will want to read "How Money Grows."

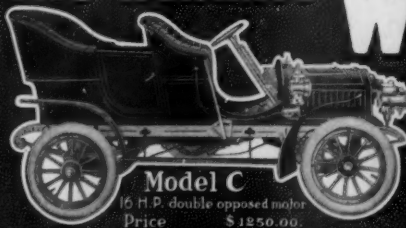
Suppose you sit right down and write me a letter now. Simply say, "Send How Money Grows."

W. M. OSTRANDER

Investment Department
162 North American Building, PHILADELPHIA



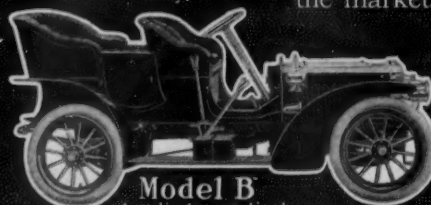
The Reliable WAYNE



Model C
16 H.P. double opposed motor
Price \$1250.00.

Complete details are given in our new catalogue. Send for it today.

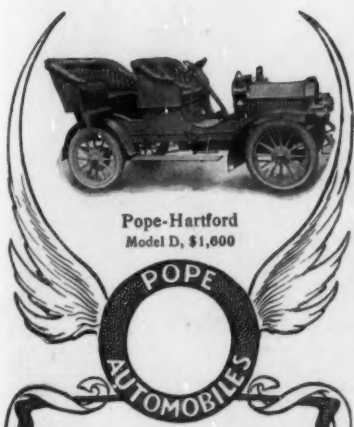
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Model B
4 cylinder vertical
24-28 H.P. Price \$2000.00.

The Wayne Cars represent more actual value for the purchaser and less profit for the manufacturer than any other motor car on the market.

*"The Name Bespeaks
the Quality"*



Pope-Hartford
Model D, \$1,600

Pope-Hartford

The 1905 Model D is thoroughly up to date, has two side entrances and carries five people. 16 h. p., two-cylinder, opposed, high compression engine. Maximum efficiency in all mechanical parts and great comfort in equipment. **Price \$1,600.**

Model B, Tonneau, 10 h. p. \$1,000

Pope-Tribune

The 1905 Model 4 is a light touring car at moderate cost—two-cylinder, 12 h. p. engine; side entrance tonneau of modern design; seating capacity, four. **Price \$900.**

Model 2, Runabout, 6 h. p. \$500

Pope Manufacturing Co.

Hartford, Conn.

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Double daily train service to New Orleans. Send for a free descriptive booklet. Connects with Southern Pacific Steamship leaving at 2.00 p. m. every Saturday for Havana. Send for free illustrated folder on Cuba.

Through tickets, rates, etc., of I. C. R. R. agents and those of connecting lines.

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If Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois lie between you and your destination, go by the Big Four. Best service to New York or Boston going east, or Florida, south; to California, Colorado and Texas, west.

Inquire of our agents

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QUALITY
VERSUS
QUANTITY

One reason why Pommery Champagne maintains its popularity with those who demand the best of wines is, that *the Pommery standard of quality* is never lowered in order to join the race for *quantity*.

CHAS. GRAEF & CO., Sole Agents for United States
32 Beaver Street, New York

Autocar Type VIII. \$1400



A Wonderful Value

Type VIII Autocar at \$1400 represents a wonderful automobile value. This type is the foundation of the Autocar's enviable reputation.

It is a car built upon honor throughout. There is nothing experimental about it—nothing uncertain in its construction. During 1904 Type VIII was tested on all sorts of American roads—under all kind of conditions. It has proved its reliability and efficiency so well as to put Autocar Type VIII in the very front of its class.

Last season Type VIII was sold for \$1700 and was considered an unsurpassed value. The price of Type VIII is now \$1400 because, having built this model for so long we can now build it more economically. For the man who wants a thoroughly reliable four-passenger car at a moderate price Type VIII at \$1400 is his opportunity.

SPECIFICATIONS:

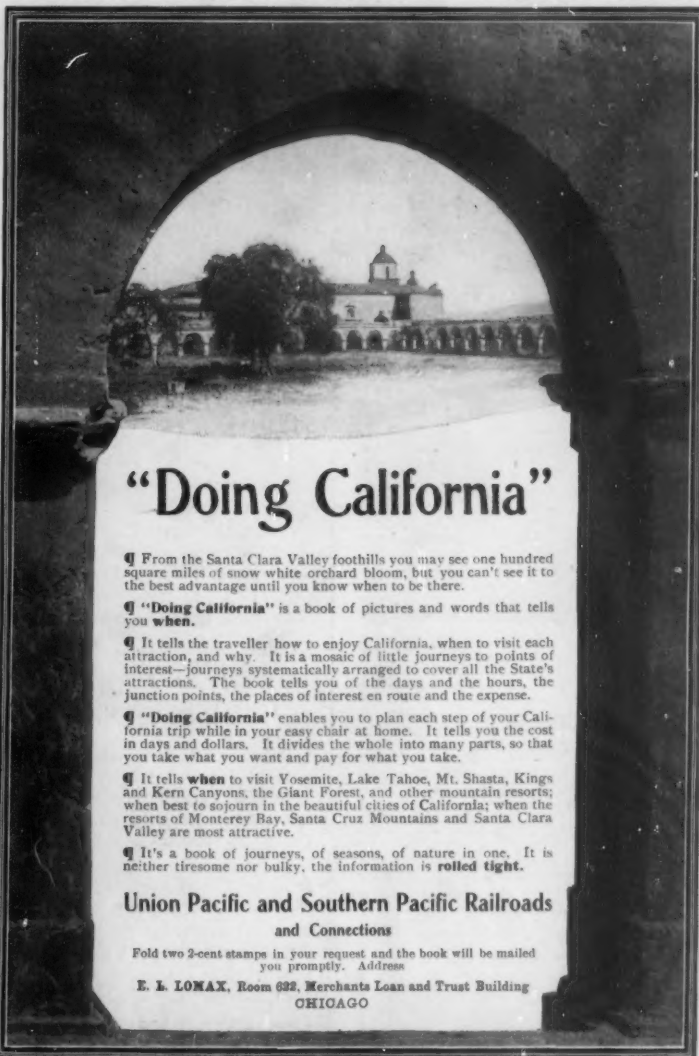
Horizontal two-cylinder opposed engine—no noticeable vibration. Twelve actual horse power. Oiled automatically. Water cooled.

Transmission, sliding gear type. Three speeds forward and a reverse. Ball bearing, shaft drive. No greasy, gritty chain. Front and rear construction has ball bearings throughout. Gasoline tank holds 10 gallons—sufficient on good roads for 200 miles.

Tonneau is removable. Front seat divided. Engine and transmission case are accessible from above without disturbing body. Catalogue giving full description of Type VIII, Type X Runabout and Type XI Four Cylinder Car, with dealer's name sent free upon request.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association Licensed
Automobile Manufacturers.



"Doing California"

From the Santa Clara Valley foothills you may see one hundred square miles of snow white orchard bloom, but you can't see it to the best advantage until you know when to be there.

"Doing California" is a book of pictures and words that tells you **when**.

It tells the traveller how to enjoy California, when to visit each attraction, and why. It is a mosaic of little journeys to points of interest—journeys systematically arranged to cover all the State's attractions. The book tells you of the days and the hours, the junction points, the places of interest en route and the expense.

"Doing California" enables you to plan each step of your California trip while in your easy chair at home. It tells you the cost in days and dollars. It divides the whole into many parts, so that you take what you want and pay for what you take.

It tells **when** to visit Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, Mt. Shasta, Kings and Kern Canyons, the Giant Forest, and other mountain resorts; when best to sojourn in the beautiful cities of California; when the resorts of Monterey Bay, Santa Cruz Mountains and Santa Clara Valley are most attractive.

It's a book of journeys, of seasons, of nature in one. It is neither tiresome nor bulky, the information is **rolled tight**.

**Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads
and Connections**

Fold two 2-cent stamps in your request and the book will be mailed you promptly. Address

**E. L. LOMAX, Room 632, Merchants Loan and Trust Building
CHICAGO**

Richard Barry

an eye witness, and the only American correspondent with the Japanese forces before Port Arthur from the beginning of the investment, tells the graphic story of the siege for the first four months, describing a number of the devices which made this siege unique. This remarkable narrative is found in the March number of the CENTURY MAGAZINE.

In this number also begins Kate Douglas Wiggin's new novelette, "Rose o' the River," which is as charming as anything the author of "Rebecca" has yet given us. There are also, besides numerous articles of striking import, six short stories by leading writers.

ALL NEWS STANDS

How to Wash Clothes in Six Minutes

HERE'S a Washing Machine that almost works itself.

The tub spins half way around, like a top.

There's a pivot in center of Tub bottom. And there is a groove, around the pivot.

In this groove, or track, there are ball bearings, like in a Bicycle wheel.

These Bicycle Bearings are little steel balls the size of small marbles. They roll in the track when the tub spins around on top of them.

All the weight of the Tub, and of the Clothes rests on these rolling balls.

That's why the Tub spins as easily when full of Clothes and water, as when it is empty.

So that a whole tub full of Clothes can be washed almost as easily and as quickly, with this machine, as a single garment could be washed.

"How does it wash Clothes, you ask."

See the two Springs under the Tub!

When you swing the Tub to the right (with handle at top) you stretch both these Springs, till the Tub goes half way around.

Then, the stretched Springs pull the Tub back from right with a bounce, and carry it almost half way around on the left side. Then the springs bounce it back to the right side again.

A little help is needed from you each time. But the Springs, and the Ball Bearings, do nearly all of the hard work.

Now, if you look inside the Tub you'll see elast paddles fastened to its bottom.

Fill the Tub half full of hot soapy water. Then spin it to the right. The elast paddles make the water turn around with the Tub till the Springs stop the Tub from turning farther to the right and bounce it back suddenly to the left.

But the water keeps on running to the right, though the Tub, and the clothes in it, are now turning to the left.

Thus, the swift driving of this soapy water through the clothes, at each half turn, washes the dirt out of the threads without any rubbing.

Mind you, without rubbing, which means without wearing, the clothes.

It's the rubbing on washboards, and on other Washing Machines, that wears out clothes quicker than hard use at hard labor.

That costs money for clothes, doesn't it? The everlasting rubbing is the hardest work in Washing, isn't it? Rubbing dirty clothes on a metal washboard with one's knuckles, over a tub of steaming hot water, is harder work, and more dangerous to health, than digging Coal deep down in a mine.

Well, the "1900 Washer" cuts out all the slavery of Washing, and half the expense.

It will wash a whole tub full of dirty clothes in Six Minutes. It will wash them cleaner in Six Minutes than they could be washed by hand in Twenty minutes. And it won't wear the clothes, nor break a button, nor fray even a thread of lace.

Because Running Water can't wear the clothes, nor break buttons, nor fray buttonholes.

And, it is the hot, soapy water swiftly running through the clothes that takes all the dirt out of them in Six little minutes.

A child can wash a tub full of dirty clothes in half the time you could do it yourself—with half the work.

Think what that half-time is worth to you every week for Ten years!

It is worth 50 cents a week to you. That is \$26.00 a year, or \$260.00 saved in 10 years.

And, a "1900 Washer" lasts 10 years.

Well, — pay us the 50 cents a week our "1900 Washer" will save you, for a few months only.

Then you will own a "1900 Washer" that will last 10 years, without any cost to you. But don't pay us a cent till you have tested the "1900 Washer" for a full month, at our expense. We will ship it to you free, on a month's trial, and leave the test to you. And we will pay the freight both ways, out of our own pockets. That shows how sure we are that the "1900 Washer" will do all we promise.

If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time, than you can wash by hand, send it back to us. If you don't find it saves more than half the wear on clothes, send it back to us.

If you don't find it washes clothes as easily as you could rock a cradle, or run a sewing machine, send it back to us. If it won't wash dirty clothes in six minutes, send it back to us.



Remember, we will pay the freight both ways out of our own pockets. You don't even say you'll buy it, till you have used it a full month, and know all about it. Isn't that a pretty straightforward offer, between strangers?

How could we profit by that offer unless our "1900 Washer" would do all we say it will? Don't slave over the wash-tub any more.

Don't pay a washerwoman for eight hours a week when she can do the work far better, with less wear on the clothes, in four hours, with a "1900 Washer."

The 4 hours a week less labor thus saves you 50 cents a week for Washerwomen's Wages.

Pay us 50 cents a week out of that 50 cents our Washer saves you, if you decide to keep it, after a month's trial. Then you own the Washer.

Write us today, if you want a month's free use of the quickest "Washer" in the world.

Address R. F. Bieber, Treasurer, "1900 Washer Co.," Box 556, Binghamton, N. Y.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



When Williams' Soap he uses
His face is full of bliss.

But when he tries the other kinds
He always looks like this.

A Not Uncommon Experience

"I have always used Williams' Shaving Soap with the greatest satisfaction. Its thick, creamy, cooling lather has made shaving a pleasure.

"Recently I was persuaded to try another soap, which the dealer assured me was 'just as good as Williams', and a little cheaper." I simply could not use it! The lather dried very quickly, my face itched and smarted, and it was torture to shave.

"It will be a cold day when I am again induced to accept a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap."

"The only kind that won't smart and dry on the face."



Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Tar Soap, etc., sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) sent for 4c. in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

I Teach Jiu-Jitsu AS IT IS TAUGHT In Japan



YAE KICHI YABE
Late of the Ton-Shin Ryu School of Japan

WHEN I tell you that Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense in the world to-day, I am but repeating what hundreds of prominent Americans who have taken my course are writing me. These men enjoy better health, are stronger physically and more self-reliant for having mastered this ancient art.

It is to the persistent practice of Jiu-Jitsu that the Japanese owe their courage and success in battle, their almost superhuman strength and power of endurance, their low death rate and their material progress. Surely, a system of physical training and self-defense which has done so much for the Island Nation will interest YOU. Jiu-Jitsu not only embodies the ideal principles of obtaining perfect health and perfect physical development, but as a means of self-defense, it is as potent at short range as the deadliest weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles renders a man or woman impregnable to every form of vicious attack.

FREE LESSONS IN JIU-JITSU

I have just written an intensely interesting book, which explains and makes clear the principles of Jiu-Jitsu in a manner unapproached by any American writer. So long as the edition lasts I will send, free of cost, to all interested readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY a copy of this valuable book, together with a specimen lesson from my course in Jiu-Jitsu. The lesson is fully illustrated, and teaches one of the most effective methods known for defense against the attack of a vicious assailant. This method has been adopted by various Police Departments throughout the United States. It is especially designed for defense against hold-ups and assaults, and should be mastered by every man and woman in this country. If employed by an alert boy of fifteen, it will enable him to overcome and render powerless a man of thrice his strength.

If you desire to learn all the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science, write me, and you will receive this book and specimen lesson by return mail, postage paid. Address

YAE KICHI YABE, 335G, Realty Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.



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Rough on Roaches (non-poisonous) - 15c, 25c | Rough on Fleas (liquid), cans, household - 25c
Rough on Fleas (powder), for dogs, etc. - 25c | Rough on Bed Bugs (liquid) - 15c, 25c
All the above sold by Druggists. They are too heavy and too low priced to go by mail.
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THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO., (H.C. Phelps, Pres.) Station 274, Cincinnati, O.

My offer to let any man smoke my cigars before he pays for them is based on my confidence in my cigars and my faith in human nature. If I were mistaken in either case, it would take about one month to put me out of business. That I am not mistaken in either case is proved by the fact that my sales for 1904 are three times what they were in 1903.

It shows that the great majority of men will treat squarely and honestly a proposition that is fair and square.

This is my offer:

I will send, express prepaid, to a reader of Collier's Weekly, 100 of my Shivers' Panatela cigars. He is under no obligation to buy them unless he is perfectly satisfied. To test their qualities, he may smoke ten of them. If he is satisfied, he agrees to send me \$5.00. If he is dissatisfied he is to return the remaining ninety at my expense.

If you know of a fairer or more liberal way than that of getting cigars before the public, let me know about it.

All I ask is a fair judgment on my cigars. If they can't sell themselves, they're not sold.

No man need hesitate to send them back if they don't come squarely up to the standard I set for them.

Absolutely nothing but the best clear Havana tobacco for the filler, carefully selected Sumatra leaf for wrapper, positively undoctored and unadulterated, and hand made.

A superior 10c. cigar at the whole-sale price, sent direct from the factory to you.

No chance for them to become dried out in the jobber's warehouse or the dealer's show case. A cigar once dried out and remoistened never regains its original flavor.

Send me your order written on your business paper or accompanied by your business card. State whether you prefer strong, medium or mild cigars. Address

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

906 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Two Strikes and the Bases Full

GIBSON PROOFS

The above baseball picture by Charles Dana Gibson is one of the artist's best efforts. The continued demand for proofs has led us to strike off a number on heavy plate paper. Size 2 1/2 x 1 1/2. No baseball enthusiast should be without one. Mailed in heavy tube to any address for two dollars. Address

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COLLIER'S, 416 WEST 13TH
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

FEBRUARY FICTION NUMBER

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Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

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We have been in business since 1858, and our rating in the commercial world is very much higher than any other house in our line of business. These facts are the best assurance of the reliability of our wares and representations. If any further evidence were needed we can refer to our record at the Saint Louis Exposition. There we were in direct competition with the leading houses of the world, and after the Superior Jury had made a side-by-side comparison of goods, prices, methods and terms, they awarded the highest honors (GOLD MEDAL) to us.

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Manufacturing Jewelers
Dept. C. 38, 92 to 98 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

For a Good Salary

GENERALLY speaking a man gets what he is worth to the world; sometimes he may get less, sometimes more, but such are exceptional cases.

The surest way for a man to get a good salary is for him to make himself valuable—indispensable if possible. The world pays for what a man does—not for what he might do—not for undeveloped talents—not for dormant abilities.

The International Correspondence Schools have done more to increase the earning power of the young men of America than any other influence that this country has ever known. They have done this by giving young people an opportunity to gain the necessary technical education in occupations for which they have natural aptitude; they put their students on the road to success because they make them what the world calls for—trained specialists—not jacks-of-all-trades.

These schools, through their system of instruction by mail, offer a way by which every ambitious man may qualify, in his spare time, for promotion or a more profitable occupation, or to commence work at a better salary than if he started without training.

These courses are inexpensive, costing from \$10 up, with all text-books furnished. Read over the list of courses given in the coupon below, decide which is best suited to your tastes, then fill in, cut out, and mail to us the coupon, and we will give you full details of how we can qualify you for the position which you choose. At the same time we will send you our booklet "1001 Stories of Success," telling what the Schools have done for some of our students.

International Correspondence Schools

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Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position below which I have marked X.

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Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Mechan. Draughtsman
Ornamental Designer
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
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Spanish Photograph

Electrician
Elec. Engineering
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Arch't Draughtsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Foreman Plumber
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Name _____
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City _____ State _____

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The most brilliant, economical light made. Our light gives 100-candle power at the small cost of 2c per week. Is portable and there is no dirt, grease, odor or smoke. Over 100 different styles—every one warranted. Agents Wanted Everywhere THE BEST LIGHT CO. Owners of Original Patents. 7-35 E 5th Street Canton, O.

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Rare Pictures From Life. Artists' Studies, Beantles, Etc. 100 small and two large ones, \$1 note or stamps. S. RECKNAGEL, Nachf., Munich I. GERMANY

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Packard

"Probably the most scientific long-distance test of an automobile that has ever been made was that of a standard Packard Touring Car on the Grosse Pointe mile race track at Detroit when the machine was driven around the oval 1000 times without stopping the motor in 29 hours, 53 minutes, 37 3-5 seconds." — *Editorial Comment, Scientific American, Oct. 8, 1904.*

This test was made with a standard four-cylinder Packard car, and with the 17 first-class certificates and 5 gold medals won by other standard Packard cars in open competition makes such a consistent record for uniform running and absolute reliability as stands unparalleled.

Price (with standard Equipment) \$3,500.00, f. o. b. Detroit

For our new catalogue and name of the nearest Packard dealer, address

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Member A. L. A. M.

Detroit, Mich.

New York Branch 1540 Broadway.



CADILLAC
The
Car of Economy

In no feature is Cadillac superiority more pronounced than in economy of maintenance—a motor problem which, until we entered the field, remained unsolved. The simple, durable, common-sense construction of the Cadillac, its perfect self-adaptability to the various exigencies of automobile travel, make it by far the most economically maintained of all motor cars.

Absolute dependability and safety of operation under all conditions are insured in the Cadillac by its wonderful ease and simplicity of control, for neither the motor nor its connections can in any way be deranged through a mistake in manipulation. By a single, almost unnoticeable, movement of the driver's hand, the speed of the car, though it equal that of an express train, may within a few feet be reduced to a mere snail-pace.

The illustration above shows our new Model F touring Cadillac, a car of almost incredible power and endurance, embodying all that could be desired in appointment, elegance of design, excellence of construction, comfort of riding. These same surpassing qualifications are manifest in the other models.

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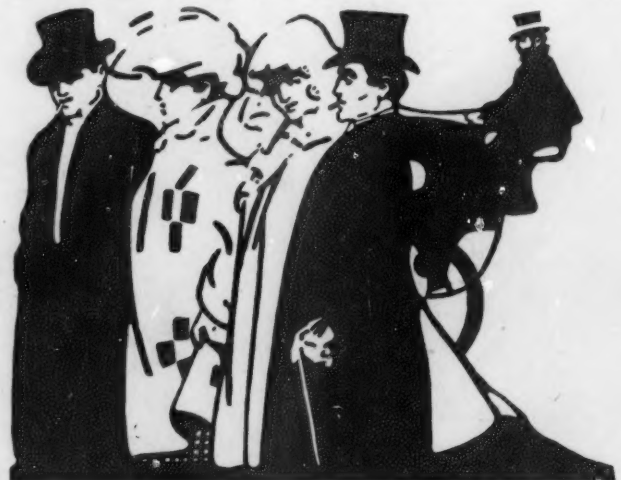
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THE LITTLE BULLDOG OF THE EAST—

"SAY! THE WAR'S OVER. YOU'RE WHIPPED. WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



THE PRESIDENT IS JUSTIFIED in quoting WASHINGTON'S belief that military efficiency should be acquired in time of peace. The principle is obvious. There is no one to dispute it. On the question of size, either of army or of navy, it has no bearing, nor has anything ever said by WASHINGTON. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S Philadelphia speech is not one of his happiest efforts. He speaks of "the wickedness which seeks by force of arms to wrong others," and then of "the no less criminal weakness which fails to provide effectively against being wronged by others." That is childish. No weaker word will fit it. It is loud and foolish. It may be an error not to take "effective" precautions. It is not criminal, and it is not in the same class of error with wanton injury.

WASHINGTON
AND WAR

In other places, too, the speech reveals the President's weaker sides, or shallower thoughts. "Those rugged and manly qualities which we group together under the name of character." Did CHRIST lack character? As far as WASHINGTON is concerned, all we ask of the President for him is a square deal. He was strong, but he was not aggressive. He hated cowardice, swore at it when he saw it, and hurled an inkstand at an official poltroon. He "broke" certain officers for cowardice at Bunker Hill. But he was not given to the big bow-wow, to sound and fury, or to the terrible accent of BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL. He saw the business of war, and preparation for it, as one among a hundred tasks, and he never made the mistake of having it appear like an agreeable diversion, or like the principal occupation of a nation's life.

NOTHING WILL CURE MR. BRYAN of silver. Our former hopes were vain. He is loose again with his old-time zest. No satisfactory reason, he says, has been given for dropping free coinage in 1873. He apparently thinks the provision was smuggled through. Again the old note in its familiar shrillness: "There is no reason why the silver dollar should be redeemed in gold. The fact that it is a legal tender is sufficient to maintain it at a parity with gold. To make it redeemable in gold simply puts the Treasury Department in the hands of the Wall Street financiers." Mr. BRYAN is honest, and he admits that in financial matters he is unchanged. Nothing certainly could be more frank. A correspondent asks him if it would not be better to restore "free and unlimited coinage," and Mr. BRYAN answers that such is his position now as well as in the past. He could not well go further. No one who disbelieves in free silver need look for any change which will ever make Mr. BRYAN a statesman capable of learning by experience.

THE LOST
CAUSE

ARE LAWYERS MORE MORAL than business men; ordinary men of affairs than trust magnates; journalists than politicians; and so on through the grades and divisions of society? Such questions arise constantly in discussion. Formerly the politicians were blamed exclusively for much bad legislation that is now charged in part to the business men who influence legislation. The rôle taken by the ablest lawyers in making legislation ineffective is being more vividly expounded than it ever has been before. Our laws—to take an example—forbid rebates and all kinds of discrimination between shippers. The railway men in general admit the desirability of such law. Yet they, and the shippers, and the attorneys for both, devote themselves to discovering devices for outwitting the law. There is no moral standard which restrains either lawyers or business men from any secret practice intended to help them escape from laws the passage of which they favor. The public faces the necessity of contriving laws so drawn that the very ablest minds in the country can invent no trickery to beat them, but probably public opinion on such matters is being educated by all the experiments now being made. The struggle for money is losing something relatively, and moral standards slowly make a corresponding gain.

LAW AND
MORALS

NATIONS HAVE HEROIC AGES, and Japan is now in hers. Necessity is often the mother of the heroic life. Japan was in a strong and sound condition before her recent exploits, but it is the perils of her situation that have added national fervor and the universal heroic spirit. What was done to her by the powers after the Chinese war, and what was being done by Russia, formed the great impulse of a national peril for Japan. Two little wars had furnished her with information. In her war with China

her soldiers had died in thousands from disease. In her fight with Korea the mortality had been almost as great as ours was in the Civil War. Her intense and real mood made her take such information seriously. She had seen forty-five per cent of her sailors laid up in the Korean war from beri-beri alone. She studied that topic so thoroughly that not one case of beri-beri has been seen in the Japanese navy this year. In HEROIC JAPAN private life the same spirit of accomplishment is everywhere. Students are said to read with the help of a cage full of glow-worms when they can afford no better light. Effort, frugality, obedience, and devotion are everywhere. We Americans watch, with less curiosity than unconcern, the attempt now being made to improve the medical department in our army.

PERSONAL LIBERTY WAS THE PLEA on which the Anti-

Compulsory Vaccination Society of Massachusetts carried a case to the United States Supreme Court. The Secretary of the association, Dr. S. N. MERRICK, writes to us, urging us to take up the subject. "The trend of medical legislation," he says, "at the present hour, and of medical opinion, is for compulsory treatment of all disease by serums of various kinds and concoctions. Unless the so-called laity watch out they will reach the manacled hand to Russia in fraternal slavery, along medical lines at least, before another generation. The Society whose name heads this sheet was formed some three years ago by people who love freedom—the objects of the Society being protection of the poor from legalized blood-poisoning, dissemination of knowledge regarding vaccination and the carrying of a test case through all the necessary courts of the State up to the Supreme Bench of the United States. This Society numbers some six hundred members, among them are fifty physicians of good repute.

VACCINATION

All these physicians, with almost no exceptions, belong to the Homœopathic school and are broad-minded. They represent but a very minute minority of the medical men in this city, however. All the others are for compulsion. But this is not a war for schools, but for freedom." The Supreme Court has since decided unanimously against the opponents of compulsory vaccination. We have read the brief, and it strikes the lay mind as lamentably weak, although, perhaps, not much weaker than the case. A fundamental contention was that "vaccination does not prevent small-pox, but spreads the disease." That is what the opponents of the Massachusetts law need to prove. Let them "educate" as much as they like. When they convince medical or general opinion that vaccination is unnecessary to the prevention of small-pox epidemics under present conditions, victory will be theirs. To argue, however, for the individual's right to resist State regulation on any interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment comes perilously near to the absurd.

WE ATTACKED SENATOR CLARK'S HOUSE, some weeks ago, on grounds which here and there have not been precisely comprehended. Under the scintillating title of "Collier's Weakly Venom," a sheet printed in Helena, Montana, bearing the amusing title of the "Independent," comes to the Senator's violent rescue. Its ratiocination is something as weird almost as its use of English. "It does not matter whether the Eastern editors like either Senator CLARK or his house, but it would be a token of their fairness and intelligence if they would display a decent appreciation of the man by his achievements alone." We can understand that sentence, although we fail to construe it. Montana, this sheet alleges, admires Senator CLARK, "not as a millionaire, not as a famous character, not, perhaps, as a Senator,"—so far, good. We agree with the REGAL TASTE "Independent." We do not admire him for his fame, which we should call notoriety, or for his millions, which have been used as ruthlessly as they were earned, or as a member of the Senate, into which he broke after a hard and not too fragrant contest. The "Independent" admires him as "the most accomplished and the shrewdest practical miner in the world." He may be all that and remain an unattractive odor in American politics and also in American business. To abuse a man who has so hustled and succeeded "because his house has too many chimneys" is, in this Montana view, "idiotic, even for a Gotham magazine." Let us explain. Had we admired Senator CLARK'S character we might have dissembled our opinion of his taste. It was because we so thoroughly regret the man that our strictures on his house



were so outspoken. We observe, in an editorial in the Washington "Times," on the subject of our attack, the incontrovertible aphorism that Mr. CLARK may indulge his fancies in material architecture, but his moral architecture stands in a different relation to his environment. He may perpetrate an architectural joke; he may stud his castle with gargoyles; but "in some other relations toward the common people Mr. CLARK might properly be asked a few questions, not with the expectation that he would answer them, but just to show that the populace is sitting up and taking notice." The paper then sketches one line of profitable inquiry. "Suspicion has arisen as to land frauds in Montana, the State that is Mr. CLARK's by right, let us not say of purchase. Perhaps hypnotism would be a better word. According to evidence a band of schemers there obtained public land to the amount of fifteen thousand acres, and unloaded the lot on Mr. CLARK. The natural question is as to whether he knew or suspected the manner in which these broad acres had been secured. Then might follow inquiry about his intent to restore them to the proper ownership." This is one fruitful topic out of many that exist. It is for such reasons that we feel no compunctions in printing art criticism as candid—in verse and picture—as discerning readers will discover in this issue.

GROWING OLD is a topic of such universal interest that remarks on it by a famous man of science make the world sit up. When one of the most distinguished physicians in America drew the line for important work at forty, a howl naturally greeted his opinion. Dr. OSLER is a man who loves epigram and also loves experiment, and is not averse to using the public as a specimen. Even taking his views in the milder form to which later corrections and explanations confined them, they are put with more precision than the complex facts of life will warrant. He wished to plead for the encouragement of youth, and he focused attention on his point by violence toward age. "It is difficult," he says, "to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the

THE AGE
OF WORK

ages of twenty-five and forty, those fifteen golden years of plenty, the anabolic or constructive period, in which there is always a balance in the mental bank and the credit is still good." To men over sixty our eminent friend credits "a very large proportion of the evils, nearly all the great mistakes, politically and socially, all of the worst poems, most of the bad pictures, a majority of the bad novels, not a few of the bad sermons and speeches." This, even if it be jesting, is a rather poor performance for a man of Dr. OSLER's station. Imagination, as in poems and fiction, does grow pale in age, but no such rule is true of intellectual leadership. WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, ADAMS, and LINCOLN are not exceptions. They are types. So are BISMARCK, GLADSTONE, SALISBURY, and JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. What of the generals leading the Japanese armies in Manchuria? CÆSAR had enjoyed just one year of military experiment when he set out for Gaul, and he was then four years past Dr. OSLER's magic line. Before many years we ourselves shall reach the age of forty, and Dr. OSLER is fifty-six.

BOOKS ON MEDICINE AND SCIENCE have been the foundation of Dr. OSLER's fame, but the one volume which he has composed for the general reader is so full of temperament that it throws light on any literary aberration in which he may indulge. Oxford is taking from us an uncommonly interesting mind. Dr. OSLER first treats immortality with the ruthlessness of science and leaves no shred of argument in its support. Then, with eloquence and feeling, he approaches it from the side of human need.

SCIENCE AND
IMMORTALITY

Emotion, he believes, always has played a more important rôle than reason. In that discussion before King DARIUS, on Which is the strongest thing in the world, ZOROBAEL gave the pre-eminence to woman, and Dr. OSLER thinks that ZOROBAEL was right, since woman is the incarnation of emotion, "of that element in life which sways like a reed the minds of men." Science, judged for its adequacy to life, Dr. OSLER sees as husks, or at least as a wholly insufficient diet. Nor has he affection for the Laodiceans, the sceptics, who are neither hot nor cold, and are satisfied in their lukewarm state. His opinion is that of CICERO, who would rather be mistaken with

PLATO than in the right with those who deny altogether the life beyond the grave. This is his confession of faith—a belief independent of demonstration and founded wholly on choice and need. "Our life," says SOLOMON, "is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy; neither was there any man known to have returned from the grave. For we are born at all adventure: and we shall be hereafter as though we had never been. . . . Come on, therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present. . . . Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered." Dr. OSLER's fairness to wisdom like that of SOLOMON and OMAR, and his turning away from it because it fails sufficiently to nourish him, are rendered with simplicity and charm in this singularly attractive little work.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S RETIREMENT for the season may indicate an approaching end of his activity. The foremost actor on the English-speaking stage reached his zenith years ago—not so much in talent as in success. His powers have remained, but the London public tired of him. It grants dramatic leadership to such excellent men but very moderate artists as TREE and ALEXANDER and forces the Lyceum to close its doors for lack of patronage. Sir HENRY has sometimes wished that fate had made him an American. We have more great cities here: no one of them controls an actor's fate as London does in England. Partly, it must be confessed, Sir HENRY's decline in favor is due to him. He took his position at the head, without a second, because he was his country's greatest actor and also the first manager to use both the artistic and the business possibilities of modern lighting and machinery. He waned partly because of Miss TERRY's failing powers, public fickleness, and the rise of other managers who could compete with him in scenery, but partly also because he lacked the instinct for current plays. He proved his talent first in melodrama, and he never did anything more wonderful than "The Lyons Mail." He added prestige with SHAKESPEARE, backed with other literary adventures, as in direct or adapted expressions of GOETHE, GOLDSMITH, TENNYSON, and CERVANTES. He has never taken kindly to new plays expressive of our time, nor has he found it easy to work in harmony with successful dramatists. These are serious misfortunes, but in spite of them he took and has long held so large a place in England that the competitors for his leadership look absurdly inadequate to take his place. He is a big man, Sir HENRY; one to whom, in these later trials, we take off our hats in most profound respect.

THE CAREER
OF IRVING

THE WINTER NOW PASSING has at least the merit of making us welcome spring. More than the usual blizzards, cold, and snow have combined with epidemics of pneumonia to render the population oblivious to whatever winter may have of charm. Spring to ordinary mortals is the cheerfulest time of year. Warmth and blue sky and stirrings in the ground and trees give more general happiness than the graver moods of other seasons. Always spring has been the symbol for happiness and youth. Always the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, but his proneness is vernal somewhat accentuated. The softening earth and delicate green sprouts have, after we have braved the winter, something of that tenderness which those who have known the stress of years welcome in the soft flesh and jocund liveliness of infancy. The preference of versifiers for these early months has been so strong as to make the spring poet a jest, and even the spring itself. "As spring approaches, ants and roaches,"—some such expression lingers in our cerebral hemispheres.

SPRING

"If there comes a little thaw,
Still the air is chill and raw,
Here and there a patch of snow,
Dirtier than the ground below,
Dribbles down a marshy flood;
Ankle deep you stick in mud
In the meadows while you sing,
'This is Spring.'"

A touch of satire is required to flavor sentiment, but sentiment for spring always lives. The first stirrings of the sap can never leave our spirits dead. The mere shouting of the birds and insects, the venturing above ground of the almost forgotten worm, would force us humans, who look before and after, to echo the joyfulness of everything we hear and see.

THE AFTERMATH OF PORT ARTHUR



THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIPS "RETVIZAN," "POLTAVA," AND "PERESVIET" LYING IN THE HARBOR OF PORT ARTHUR AS THE JAPANESE FOUND THEM



A RUSSIAN HOWITZER BATTERY WITH THE DEAD GUNNERS LYING AS THEY FELL

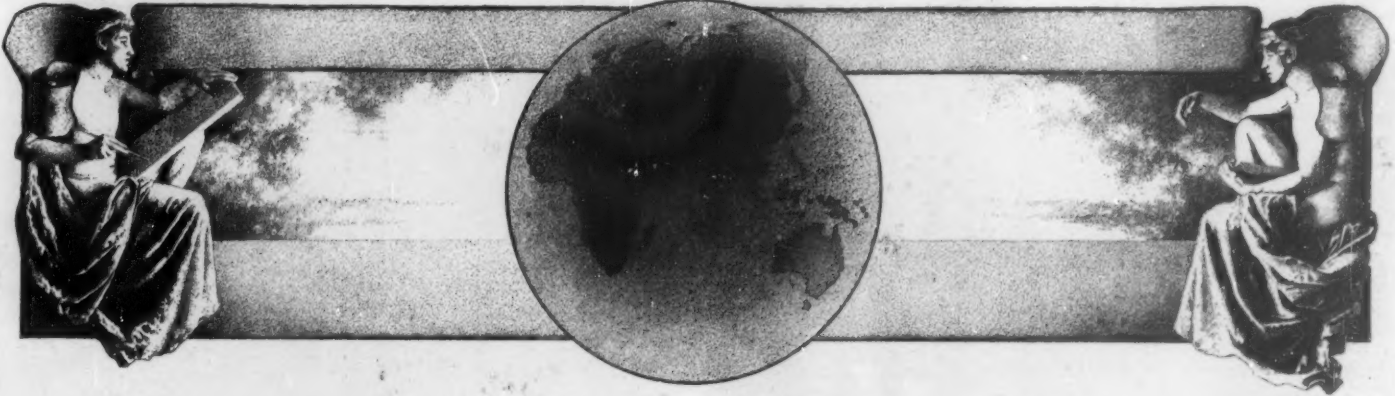


GEN. STORSEL AND AIDE-DE-CAMP LEAVING THEIR QUARTERS IN NAGASAKI, FOR HOME



THE PRICE OF VICTORY. FIELD SHOWING JAPANESE DEAD AFTER THE CAPTURE OF 203-METRE HILL, WHICH CAUSED THE ULTIMATE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



DESPOTISM IN EXTREMIS

POE'S GREWSOME TALE of M. Valdemar might have found its model in the present state of the Russian Government. Lying in a hypnotic trance, the autocracy has seemed to be alive, but the touch of an arousing hand is dissolving it into the corruption of a long overdue death. Everywhere the bonds of authority are in decay. The Caucasus has been in armed revolt. The Prefect of Police of Batum has been assassinated, along with several of the leading merchants, and the streets have been strewn with manifestoes demanding a republic. Anarchy reigned for several days in the great oil centre of Baku, and scores of people were killed. Armenians and Mussulmans were fighting throughout the region between the Caspian and the Black Sea, and telegraphic communication with the rest of Russia could be maintained only by way of Constantinople. Strikes have paralyzed the railroad system of southern Russia. In Poland the strike fever has spread even to the police, and at Warsaw it has been found necessary to send out a soldier with every policeman. In the effort to keep the blood in circulation in the veins of the empire, all the railroads of European Russia and Siberia have been placed under martial law. The strikes on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and the paralysis of the factories that should have been turning out war material, have threatened the existence of Kuropatkin's army. The Government has induced men to return to work from time to time by yielding a great part of their demands, but the strikers seem to be acting under the direction of political agitators who keep them in continual unrest without allowing matters to come as yet to the point of a general collision. Meanwhile the most ominous menace for the Government is the growth of discontent among the heretofore submissive peasantry, whose primeval ignorance is breaking up under the influence of devoted teachers employed by the Zemstvos.

TIRING OF WAR

ALONG WITH the approach of a new campaign have come the first serious foreshadowings of peace. On February 22, the positive statement was published that Russia had agreed to terms including Japanese suzerainty for Korea, the cession of Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula to Japan, the neutralization of Vladivostok, the international administration of the Eastern Chinese Railroad, the restitution of Manchuria as far north as Harbin to China, and the settlement of the question of indemnity by arbitration. This story, incredible on its face, was promptly denied, but there remained an apparent residuum of fact to the extent that Japan had informally communicated to the United States her willingness to treat on conditions similar to those mentioned, but not including a demand for an indemnity, or for the neutralization of Vladivostok. These suggestions were not repelled as indignantly by Russia as they would have been a little earlier, but despatches from St. Petersburg stated that the Russian Government considered it necessary to restore its prestige by one great victory before treating for peace. The opportunity for this stroke came promptly when Marshal Oyama attacked the advanced forces which Kuropatkin had been pushing forward on his left wing, but the needed Russian victory did not come. On the contrary, the Japanese captured Tsinkhetchen, turned Kuropatkin's left, and compelled the retirement of all the Russians south of the Sha River.

GUILTY, BUT NOT TO BLAME

THE DECISION of the North Sea Commission, rendered on February 25, in effect sustained the British contentions on matters of fact, but politely intimated that these findings were "not of a nature to cast any disrespect upon the military valor or upon the sentiments of humanity of Admiral Rojestvensky and the personnel of his squadron." The British case had

been summed up in four points, which may be compared with the verdict of the Commission.

1. That on the night of the collision there were no torpedo boats in the vicinity. All the Commissioners but the Russian agreed that this was true.

2. That there were not sufficient reasons to justify opening fire, that after the firing began sufficient precautions were not taken to direct and control it, and that it lasted for an unreasonable time. All but the Russian Commissioner agreed that the firing was unjustifiable, and that in any case it continued for an unreasonable time, but they unanimously certified that Admiral Rojestvensky had personally done all he could to keep the trawlers from being the direct objects of the Russian attack.

3. That the Russians ought to have given aid to the sinking trawlers and their wounded men. The Commissioners unanimously found that Admiral Rojest-



PRESIDENT CARLO F. MORALES, OF SANTO DOMINGO

On February 25 the latest of several recent attempts to kill President Morales, our new protegee, was made at Santo Domingo City. The President was attacked, but without success, by a number of revolutionists, five of whom were captured, while the others escaped.

vensky was warranted in continuing his route, but the majority regretted that he did not inform the neighboring maritime powers of what had occurred.

4. That the fishermen had committed no fault. With this the Commissioners unanimously agreed.

In submitting its case the Russian Government had announced its willingness to make suitable reparation to the victims of its fleet's mistake, and as there can hardly be any longer a question of punishing anybody, all that remains is to fix the amount of this indemnity.

JUDGE SWAYNE ACQUITTED

AFTER WASTING the greater part of the session, at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars in money and a much greater cost in needed legislation crowded out and killed, the Senate voted on February 27 to acquit Judge Charles Swayne of the charges brought against him in impeachment proceedings by the House. Unfortunately for the completeness of the vindication, and for the reputation of the Senate as an impartial court, the verdict on the principal counts was reached by almost a strict party vote. On

the first article, which was decided in favor of Judge Swayne by 49 to 33, only four Republicans—Bart of California, Kittredge of South Dakota, McCumber of North Dakota, and Nelson of Minnesota—voted for conviction, and only two Democrats—Dubois of Idaho and Gibson of Montana—for acquittal. On some of the minor articles the vote for acquittal was nearly unanimous, but the result, as a whole, certainly fails to justify the belief that Senators can be depended upon to lay aside partisanship when they sit in a judicial capacity.

THE ALPS PIERCED AGAIN

ONE OF THE greatest works of any age was consummated on February 24, when the last barrier of rock in the way of the Simplon Tunnel was pierced and the Swiss and Italian drilling parties met. The Simplon is the longest tunnel in the world, and has been one of the most difficult to build. It is twelve miles long, cost \$14,000,000, and has been under way for seven years. It is nearly twice as long as the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which was considered an engineering marvel in its day, and nearly a third longer than the St. Gothard. It is two and a half times as long as the Hoosac, the longest mountain tunnel in the United States, and longer than the whole underground part of the New York rapid transit system. All kinds of obstacles were encountered in the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, including hot and cold springs, extraordinarily hard rock formations, slipping strata, and unbearable heat, but all have been successfully overcome. When the bore was completed, President Ruchet of Switzerland, whose name then became known to most of the world for the first time, exchanged congratulatory messages with King Victor Emmanuel and Premier Giolitti of Italy. The successful accomplishment of this gigantic work has been watched with especial interest by our engineers on the Panama Canal, who think it may throw some light on the practicability of Chief Engineer Wallace's plan of diverting the waters of the Chagres by a tunnel four miles long.

"WE ARE ALL SOCIALISTS NOW" IN CHICAGO

THE MOST ADVANCED position on the question of socializing public utilities yet occupied by either of the great parties in any important city of the United States was taken on February 25 by the Democrats of Chicago, when they nominated Judge Edward F. Dunne for Mayor on a platform demanding the immediate municipal ownership and operation of the street-car lines, followed in due course by a similar policy in regard to gas and electric plants for public and private lighting, telephones, subways, and the water power of the drainage canal. The Republican candidate, Mr. Harlan, favors the municipal ownership of street-car lines as soon as it can be satisfactorily accomplished, so that the corporations really have no avowed friends in Chicago at all.

PLUNDERING THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

THE INDICTMENT of three out of the four members of the Oregon delegation in Congress, for land frauds, lends especial interest to the report of the Public Lands Commission on the subject of the abuses practiced under the present laws. The Commission shows that under laws designed to preserve the public domain for actual settlers, a single corporation has succeeded in building up an estate of four million acres. It has investigated a number of the great estates of the West, and finds that "almost without exception, collusion or evasion of the letter and spirit of the land laws was evolved." It says that under the Timber and Stone Act the Government "has lost and is losing yearly vast sums of money through the sale of valuable timber lands to speculators," that the Lieux Land Forest Reserve law is "a scandalous act," which



Entrance to the mine in which the explosion occurred, cutting off the escape of 116 men



Bringing out the bodies of the dead, of which ninety were recovered in the first three days

THE GREAT VIRGINIA MINE DISASTER NEAR BESSEMER, ALABAMA, FEBRUARY 20, 1905

ought to be immediately repealed, that the commutation clause of the Homestead law has delivered great areas of land to speculators, and that the Desert Land law is "an instrument of speculation, fraud, and perjury." As a result of all these things it finds that there is growing up in the West a tenant, or hired labor, system "which not only represents a relatively low industrial development, but whose further extension carries with it a most serious threat." "Politically, socially, and economically, this system is indefensible." The President has earnestly seconded the findings of the Commission in a special message.

TO REDEEM RHODE ISLAND

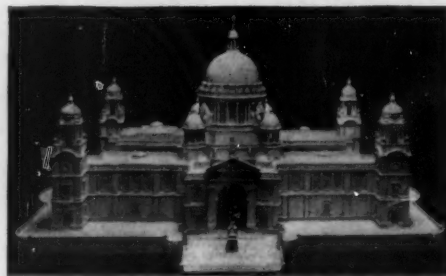
AN ORGANIZATION known as the Rhode Island Citizens' Union has been formed to work for the establishment of a republican form of government. Rhode Island shares with Connecticut the distinction of being ruled by an irresponsible oligarchy holding power through its possession of small and purchasable towns. In Connecticut the stronghold of this ruling minority is in the House; in Rhode Island it is in the Senate. Although a clear majority of the inhabitants of Rhode Island live in the two cities of Providence and Pawtucket, they have only an insignificant fraction of the membership of the Senate, and under the present Constitution never can have any more, even if they get nine-tenths of the total population. A few venal hamlets control that body, with the result that the home of Roger Williams ranks with Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Nevada, and Montana among the most corrupt half-dozen States in the Union. The new organization proposes to work for popular government through a constitutional convention. It will not attach itself to any party, or make nominations of its own when it can avoid it, but will throw its influence in favor of those candidates whose success promises the best results for its policies.

THE NEW SLAVERY

THE INDICTMENTS for "peonage" found by the Grand Jury for the Middle District of Alabama at Montgomery, on February 23, illustrate the contagion of a bad example. In the old slavery white men held negroes. The new slavery is more comprehensive. Not only are whites holding negroes as peons, but negroes are holding each other, and whites are holding whites. The "white slaves," commonly supposed to be confined to the melodramatic stage, are creatures of literal fact in Alabama. The only thing left is for white men and women to be held in slavery by negroes. The method by which peonage is maintained is not a Southern invention. It was commonly used by Chinamen in San Francisco a generation ago to keep their women serfs in subjection, and still flourishes in the Chinatowns both of San Francisco and of New York. It consists in having the person whom it is desired to reduce to slavery charged with some small criminal offence and taking possession of the victim in the name of the law. The chief reliance in Chinatown is upon the ignorance of the slaves, who do not know their rights, but in some Southern States the local laws actually help the slave-hunters, giving them the right to the services of their serfs until any fines they may have advanced are repaid. They take care, of course, that this never happens. But the activity of the Federal courts, with an awakening public sentiment, is making the new slavery uncomfortably dangerous.

STANDARD OIL AT BAY

WHEN KANSAS VOTED to build a State oil refinery she fired a shot heard round that considerable part of the world tributary to the Standard Oil Company. In all previous revolts against Standard domination the effort had been to meet monopoly with competition, and competition had always been beaten. But Kansas confronted monopoly with a



Model, just completed, of the great white marble monument to Queen Victoria, to be built at Calcutta. The model contains about 40,000 separate parts

weapon of its own kind—Socialism. The first essay was modest, but it was a beginning, with unlimited possibilities. It touched the imagination of the whole country. The authorities of forty States wrote for copies of the Kansas law. Governor Hoch was promptly put in nomination as the candidate of Kansas for the Presidency, and letters and telegrams of congratulation poured in upon him from Republican leaders all over the West. William J. Bryan lost no time in adopting Hoch into the New Democracy, welcoming him along with President Roosevelt as another recruit for Democratic principles. "The ship of state," he observed, "is guided from the rear and the Democratic party is the rudder." Former Attorney-General Monnett of Ohio, who drove the old Standard Oil Trust out of that State, has been summoned to Kansas to lead the fight.

In the general excitement everything associated in any way with Standard Oil has suffered. The proposed renewal of the contracts by which oil lands belonging

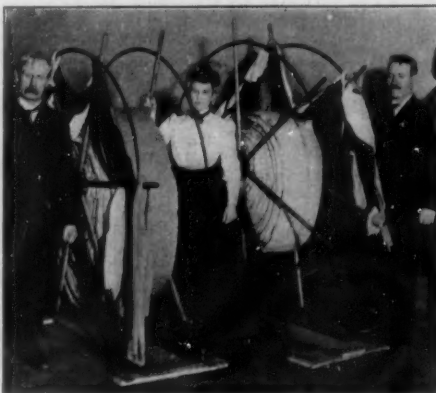
to the Osage Indians in the Indian Territory have been leased to a company supposed to have Standard Oil affiliations has been attacked. The annual assault on the payment of rent for the old Custom House in New York to the National City Bank commanded a majority in the House for the first time. The New York lighting companies, controlled by Standard Oil, are under fire in the Legislature, and the city authorities have declared their independence of them by appropriating money for the construction of a municipal lighting plant. Finally, Mr. Lawson has announced the cruel intention of bankrupting Mr. Rockefeller and all his wicked partners.

CRIMINAL LAW FOR TRUST MAGNATES

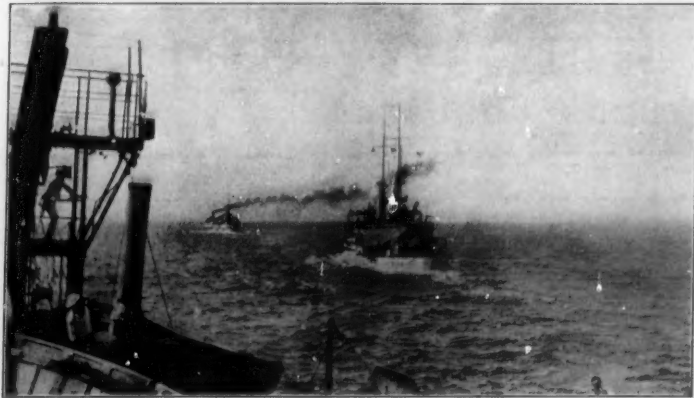
THE PREPARATIONS for the prosecution of the Beef Trust officials mark an epoch in the long struggle for supremacy between the Government and illegal combinations of capital. Never before has an attack on a trust been planned so thoroughly, executed on such a scale, and pushed with such an apparent determination to accomplish results. Most previous anti-trust campaigns have been merely conventional. Even victory has accomplished nothing more than to compel the substitution of one form of organization for another. But in the case of the Beef Trust there are indications of a determined purpose not only to smash the combination beyond repair, but to make the consequences of lawbreaking so uncomfortable for the individual lawbreakers as to discourage its practice in future. A special Federal Grand Jury at Chicago is to begin an investigation of the Trust's proceedings on the 20th of this month, and four hundred witnesses have been summoned to testify before it. Representatives of the packing companies, including clerks, telegraphers, and agents, have been served with subpoenas in all the important commercial centres of the country. This investigation is expected to lead to indictments which may land some financial magnates in jail. A slight foretaste of the perils awaiting the engineers of illicit trust enterprises was afforded on February 20, when the Supreme Court of the United States sustained the anti-trust law of Kansas, under which an agent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, who entered into a pooling agreement with a certain combination of grain dealers, will have to submit to a fine of \$500 and three months' imprisonment. In the case of the Beef Trust it is not agents but principals who are in danger.

REACHING THE PRIVATE CAR MONOPOLIES

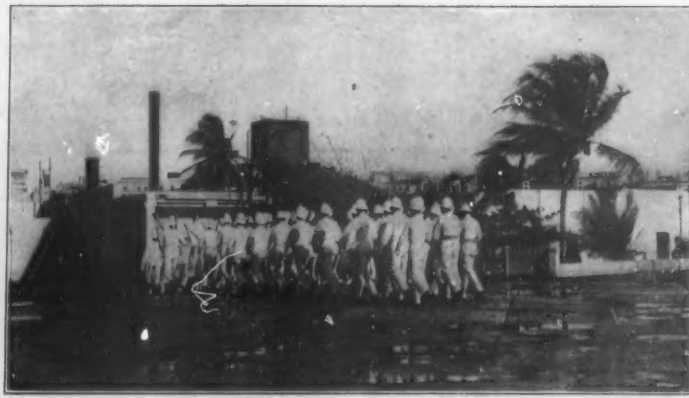
WITHOUT WAITING for Congress to enact a new law regulating private car lines, the Interstate Commerce Commission has acted for itself by ruling that when shippers are compelled to pay icing charges that fact is enough to make the lines common carriers and subject them to the Commission's jurisdiction. In a decision rendered on February 23 it not only laid down this principle, but held the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railroads guilty of unlawfully pooling their traffic on citrus fruits from Southern California. It further found the rates imposed on oranges in carload lots to the Missouri River and beyond to be unreasonable and unjust and ordered their reduction. The complaints that led to this ruling were brought by the Southern California Fruit Exchange and the Southern California Forwarding Company. The decision seems to pave the way for effective action against the private car monopoly of the Beef Trust. Meanwhile, the Santa



The great Referendum Petition, containing 135,000 names, as filed in the office of the Election Commissioners, Chicago, January 31, 1905



"Illinois," "Kentucky," and "Kearaarge" following the flag



Marines in the Navy Yard at San Juan, Porto Rico

THE ANNUAL WINTER MANEUVERS OF OUR NAVY IN THE CARIBBEAN

Fe Railroad is getting into continually hotter water. If the Interstate Commerce Commission keeps on exposing its illegal practices, the only security its officers will have against going to jail will be to enter the Cabinet.

NO MORE CIVIL WAR TROPHIES

A NEW PROOF of the disappearance of sectional scars was furnished on February 23, when the Senate passed the bill, passed by the House just before, ordering the captured battle-flags held by the War Department to be returned to the States from which they had come. In each House the bill was passed without debate and the vote was unanimous. Twenty years ago a similar proposition excited the bitterest partisan and sectional denunciation. When Cleveland advanced it in his first term he was scored as little better than a traitor. It was largely on account of his impassioned defence of the endangered trophies on that occasion that Senator, then Governor, Foraker of Ohio was honored by common consent with the title of "Fire Alarm." Now, Mr. Foraker allows a bill for the return of the flags to go through the Senate without a word or a vote of protest. There are no longer any "Fire Alarms" in the North. The only members of the species left are the Vardamans and Tillmans in the South, and there are not many of them.

AMERICAN AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

THE RETURNS of attendance at German universities this term, reported by Consul Liefeld, at Freiburg, show that the University of Berlin has 7,774 students, which surpasses any institution in the United States. With that single exception, however, every German university can be matched by an American university with a larger attendance. The second in Germany is Munich, with 4,766 students. Harvard has 5,393. Leipzig has 3,575. Columbia 4,833. Bonn comes next in Germany with 2,818. Chicago in America with 4,580. Halle has 1,881 students; Northwestern, 4,007. There are only four universities in Germany with over 2,000 students each; there are twenty in the United States. The twenty-one German universities have in all 39,716 students; the first twenty-one in America have 69,668. And after those we have some dozens more, of which many are of high rank in scholarship, although most of them would be lucky to be classed as gymnasia in Germany. In this list of American institutions with fewer students than the first twenty-one would come Brown, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Iowa, Tulane, Kansas, Missouri, Texas, and Virginia.

THE NAVY AND ITS NEGLECTED FATHER

"LAWS ARE SILENT amid arms," but President Roosevelt proved on Washington's Birthday that arms need not be silent amid laws. In accepting the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania, the President devoted most of his energy to denouncing the "criminal weakness" of being found wanting in preparations for war, especially in the matter of plenty of battleships. The occasion was peculiarly happy for such an exhortation, in view of the fact that the German Emperor, who is supposed to be our particular naval rival, was receiving a degree at the same time. While the President was pleading for the new navy at Philadelphia, Ambassador Porter was trying to stir our laggard regard for the father of the old navy at Paris. He told how the bones of Paul Jones were lying neglected in an abandoned foreign cemetery. "While other nations," he said, "are gathering the ashes of their heroes in their Pantheons, their Walhallas, and their Westminster Abbeys, all that is mortal of this marvelous organizer of American victories upon the sea lies, like an outcast, in a squalid quarter of a distant city, in a neglected grave, where it was placed by the hand of charity to keep it from the Potter's Field." General Porter has made it a labor of love and duty to search out the resting-place of Paul Jones, which is now definitely known to be in the old St. Louis Cemetery of Paris.

in the country took on an average nearly thirty trips on the electric cars. The Canadian steam lines killed last year less than half, and the electric lines little more than a fourth, as many people as the year before.

SPIDER SILK

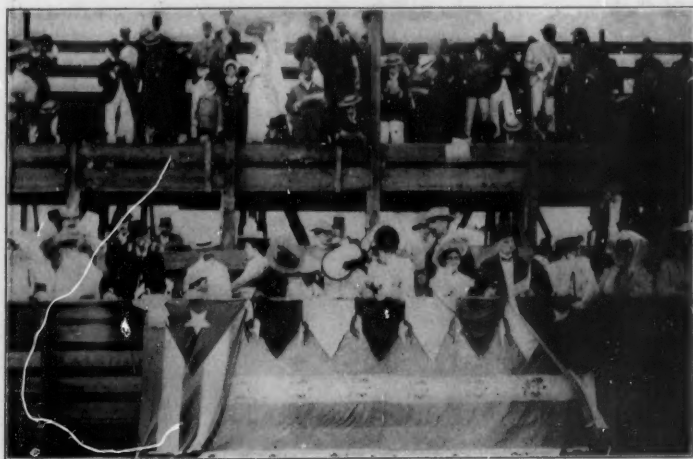
ACCORDING TO A REPORT of United States Consul Hunt, at Tamatave, the industry of drawing silk from spiders, which the unappreciated philosophers of Laputa undertook two hundred years ago, is now under way on a commercial scale in Madagascar. The female spinning spider of that island (*Nephila madagascariensis*) grows to a length of two inches and a half, and swarms in millions about the capital. The silk is reeled off by native girls, each of whom has a basket filled with live spiders at her side. She takes out a dozen, fastens them in a frame, draws out the ends of their webs, and combines them into a single thread, which is passed over a hook and attached to a reel. The girl then sets the reel to revolving with a pedal, and, like the public under the manipulation of the trusts, the spiders have to "give up." Unlike the public, however, they are said to suffer no discomfort from the operation. When a spider's supply of silk is exhausted, it is taken back to the park to recuperate, and in nine or ten days it is ready to declare another dividend. After going through the reel five or six times it becomes discouraged and dies, having yielded in all between two and three miles of silk. Even with cheap labor, spider silk is expensive. It takes a thread over thirty-five miles long and nineteen strands thick to weigh an ounce, which makes the fibre cost about \$40 a pound.

RAILROADS IN CANADA

THE RETURNS of the Dominion Railway Department, just published, show that on June 30 last there were 19,611 miles of steam railroads in Canada—over five hundred miles more than the year before. This is more than the mileage of the United States in proportion to the population of the two countries, although less than one-tenth as much in absolute length. Canada now has more railroads in proportion to population than any other country in the world except some of the Australasian and African colonies. Its railroad system is twice as great in actual extent as that of Italy, almost as great as that of Great Britain and Ireland, and greater than the combined systems of all of South and Central America and the West Indies, omitting Argentina. Moreover, it is now building the longest two lines under construction anywhere in the world—the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific, each of which will eventually span the continent. In addition to its steam lines, Canada had in operation last year 767 miles of electric road, carrying 181,689 passengers. In other words, every man, woman, and child

EXTERMINATING THE YAQUIS

AFTER A TWO DAYS' battle with a band of Yaqui Indians in the mountains, General Torres, the Governor of Sonora, returned on Washington's Birthday to the mining camp of La Colorado with his force of four hundred Mexican soldiers and one hundred and sixty-seven prisoners. In the battle forty Yaquis were killed and about a hundred escaped. The expedition was said to have had its origin in the murder of four Americans near La Colorado some weeks ago, but the opportunity to take another long step toward the extermination of the Yaquis could not have been distasteful to the Mexican authorities. What a Mexican punitive expedition in the Yaqui country means may be appreciated by reading the story on page 14 of this number of Collier's.



President Palma and family—Maximo Gomez on the left

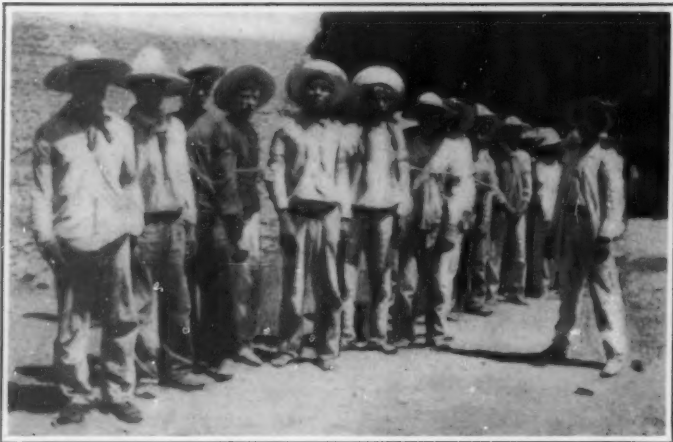


The start of O. F. Thomas's De Dietrich, Fletcher driver

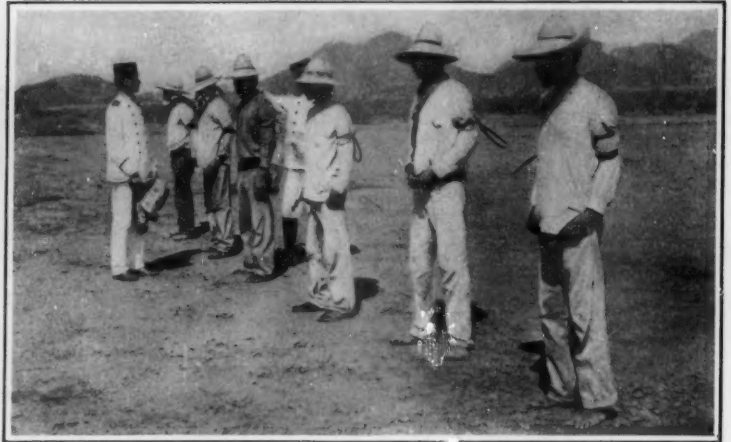
FIRST INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE IN CUBA, FEBRUARY 12

THE LAST OF THE YAQUIS

By CHARLES CARUTHERS COULTER



TWENTY-THREE YAQUIS LINED UP AND BOUND FOR EXECUTION, NEAR COCORI, MEXICO



BLINDFOLDING SIX YAQUIS CONDEMNED TO BE SHOT, NEAR GUAYMAS, MEXICO

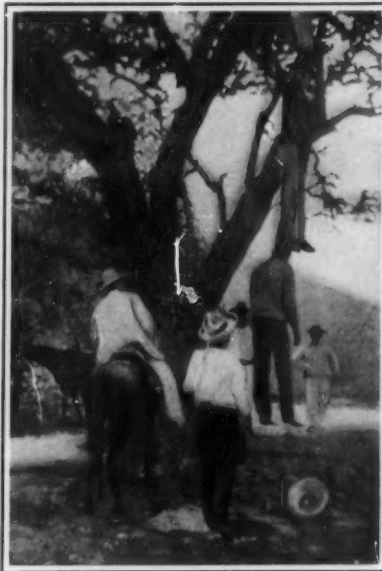


A Yaqui Girl

THE name Yaqui (pronounced yak-ee) signifies "a shouter," and was the name applied to these people by the Mexicans as early as the 17th century, from the fact that their language is full of explosive phrases, and many of their words are spoken with an unusual emphasis. They are a branch of the old Piman stock, which prominent ethnologists have traced back to the Shoshonean root. They belong to a group of cognate tribes which still inhabit the whole western coast of the Sierra Madre of Mexico and Arizona, from the Gila to Tepic. That the Papagos, Pima, Apaches, and Opatas are a close relation can not be questioned from a careful observation of their legendary history, linguistic characteristics, and mortuary ceremonies, together with their general customs and mode of living. They are exceptionally expert in the art of weaving and dyeing both woolen and cotton fabrics, and they manufacture some of the finest cloths, especially in the line of zarapis and rugs, which are to be seen in any part of the Mexican Republic. Formerly they paid much attention to stock raising, and to the cultivation of cotton, tobacco, and corn, as well as large orchards of fruit, and the maguey plant from which they distilled great quantities of mescal and tequila. Many of these old fruit farms, as also large plantations of the maguey, are still to be seen, abandoned and uncared for; from which, through the merciless persecution of the Mexican Government, the owners have been banished or killed. They were a sedentary and an agricultural race, mild mannered, robust, enterprising, and industrious; they were brave in war even to the death and would never surrender a fugitive from their towns, which were the asylums of refuge for the escaped and oppressed members of the tribe. The towns which they have occupied until lately are Cocori, Torin, Bacum, Potam, Suaqui, Cedros, Cumuripa, and other towns located on the Yaqui and Mayo Rivers in South Central Sonora.

The Yaqui is of a peculiar disposition; very unlike his enemy—the Mexican—in his open, frank manner; he can be trusted, and when once you have him for a friend, he is always such. His disposition has been very materially altered by his constant warfare with the Mexican soldiers within the past decade, until at the present time he has lost faith in all humanity, to

Editor's Note.—While on an anthropological expedition Mr. Coulter recently journeyed from Durango over the Sierra Madre, reaching the city of Mazatlan, on the Pacific Coast. Here he boarded a coast steamer, on which four Mexican "Country Police" and a "Chief" set sail to meet inland from the east coast of the Gulf of California a party of captured Yaqui Indians. Mr. Coulter cultivated the confidence of these officers, and gained permission to accompany them into the dreaded haunts of the Yaquis



HANGING TEN YAQUI MEN AND BOYS FROM TREES

that extent that he even mistrusts the American, with whom he has always been on friendly terms. This is now a warlike race of people, or rather a remnant of people, but this disposition was brought about by the plundering policy of the Government. Since 1740 this people have been in revolt against the Mexicans, who, on the other hand, whenever opportunity offered, have repeatedly undertaken to annihilate the race. In 1750 these people numbered probably in excess of fifty thousand. At the present time there are rather less than five thousand on the closest estimate; a large part of these have been reduced to abject slavery in Yucatan, Tepic, and Oaxaca, where they are condemned to a life of servitude on the banana and coffee haciendas of the wealthy class of Mexicans. In the year 1825 the Mexican Government attempted a very unjust taxation against the Yaquis, and as a consequence a revolt was made, after which followed three years of the most determined fighting, in which nearly five thousand lives were sacrificed—mostly on the Mexican side, however. This war was finally closed by the Mexicans making such concessions to the Yaqui people as were satisfactory to them both, whereby the Yaquis were permitted to retain their arms and hold all the territory in dispute. Again the Mexican oppression became so strong in 1832 that Banderas, a noted Yaqui chieftain, undertook to organize all the Sonora Indian tribes into a grand Indian empire, with himself as the chief ruler; the object being to restrain the ruthless aggression of the covetous Mexicans. With fifteen hundred soldiers, whom he had previously drilled with the assistance of white men, he marched against the Mexican Governor, Ures. After several successful attacks, reinforcements arrived from the City of Mexico, and he was defeated, himself captured and executed. In this final engagement there were ten Mexican soldiers pitted against every one of the Yaquis, and it is reported that for each Yaqui warrior that was killed, six Mexicans were likewise slain. In 1884 to 1887, Cajenie, another Yaqui chief, incited by the continued encroachments of the Mexicans upon the territory belonging to the Indians according to previous treaties with the Government, revolted against this aggression, and for over a year operated very successfully, both in guerilla warfare and in open combat, where at times a single Yaqui warrior would fight against a half-dozen well-equipped soldiers. Occasionally the Indians would succeed in wiping out whole divisions of the Mexican troops. This war continued for a period of three years until Cajenie was ambushed and shot. (Continued on page 25.)



THE SIX YAQUIS IN THE SECOND PICTURE AFTER THE MEXICAN RURALES HAD FINISHED THEIR WORK



A GLANCE AT RECENT FICTION

By ROBERT BRIDGES

THE attitude of the reader toward books of fiction is peculiarly sociable and receptive; he buys a novel as he would a ticket to the theatre, with the expectation of being amused and of having a pleasant evening. He may be tired of dining out with real people, and therefore asks this particular guest to his own fireside. The reader is the host and the author is the guest who is honored by the invitation. It is a very informal invitation, and most of the conventional bars are down which protect people from social bores. There is for that reason an unusual obligation upon the author to be polite—to maintain that attitude of gentleness and consideration for others that is the essence of good breeding. Most people hesitate to ask a blatant barbarian to their homes for a quiet evening—no matter how many adventures he may have had. Any reader has a right to feel resentful when the novelist, whom he has asked to amuse him, suddenly reveals his strident voice, his harsh and carping nature, the essential vulgarity of his intimates in the domains of fancy, and the twisted standards of beauty and morality which he habitually applies to all social questions. It is not necessary for a writer to be "ladylike" in order to be polite. In literature as in affairs "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

One of the surest holds that an author can have upon the hope of permanence is this relation of respectful good-fellowship with his readers. An author who can be slapped on the back, as it were, is not the fellow to tie to. But when you can laugh with him, and debate with him, and come perilously near quarreling with him, and yet feel that he is fair and honest, and holds his opinions for high motives—then you have admitted him into that high fellowship of the mind and fancy where the best writers of all ages dwell. That kind of a guest justifies himself to the reader, and is sure of another invitation.

When the reader invites the critic to his fireside, the attitude is somewhat different. He may be your honored guest, but he is something more. His position is like that of the family lawyer, or doctor, or dentist. You are asking of him some professional service, and you want the truth; the lawyer is paid to tell you that you have an arrant knave in the family; the doctor advises you that your gastronomic habits are hopelessly bad, and the dentist makes you suffer tortures while he obliterates a cavity. All of these things may be unpleasant and irritating, but if those professional men do their work with a proper sense of their obligations to the truth, as it is embodied in law and physiology and anatomy, you have a high respect for them not only as professional men, but as social forces, helping to run the machinery of the world. But you have no respect for them if you suspect that they are simply using you as a subject on which to exhibit their professional dexterity, and from whom they can collect a large fee.

A professional critic is called into the family on a similar basis. You want his honest opinion, for you hope that he may save you from some disagreeable or worthless literary companionships; you also hope he may introduce you to some that you will be glad to meet and welcome to the familiar converse of your family and friends.

But this difference in attitude between author and critic does not release the latter from the obligation of good manners, which is upon all guests, even the professional ones who are expected, when necessary, to tell you disagreeable truths. The reader has a right to expect that the critic should come to his fireside with appreciation of what is good, with some insight into the evident intention of the author, even though he has fallen short of its full realization. The critic is not invited for the purpose of showing off his tricks at the expense of the other guests. His tricks and his personal prejudices are too often the whole stock in trade of the critic as a guest. Even the best of them are beset with the lurking demon of all specialists; in time the alienist sees only insanity, the reformer believes that all office-holders are rogues, and the critic believes that he is making the world better if he slays an aspiring author.

To be kind, yet just, to have strong opinions and yet be modest, to appreciate the good and not feebly include the bad in his generosity, to disagree and yet be fair—this is the hard task of one who essays to be a critic of books.

Tarkington's Political Stories

Booth Tarkington's stories of politics, collected under the title "In the Arena," show his vivid style and his careful character drawing, but the very subjects rule out most of those graces of sentiment and fancy that are the charm of his earlier stories. These are good masculine stories, done with clear perception and vigor. They are real without being cynical, satirical without being bitter. "The Need of Money" is the most original in its portraiture of an honest old rustic legislator who sells his vote from a high, pathetic motive. "Boss Gorgett" shows a true perception of the humanity which makes bosses possible and contrasts it with the theoretical uprightness of a reformer. "The Aliens" and "Mrs. Protheroe" are melodramatic and artificial, and "Great Men's Sons" is a clever sketch, which is all it pretends to be.

But in "Hector" Mr. Tarkington has done one of the best things, artistically and humanly, that he has yet achieved. It is the story of the "oratorical temperament"—what it feeds on, how it grows, what it crushes, and how it blossoms and bears abundant fruit. As a short story in conception and execution, it would be difficult to point out a single fault in "Hector." Nevertheless, it is a sheer waste of material. It is the skeleton of the best novel that Mr. Tarkington need ever care to write. Every page suggests a chapter, and when the reader comes to the end he still sees the wonderful possibilities in the future career of Hector through which the novelist could develop him to his logical greatness.

What was Hector's real love story, for he was sure to have one? Did it pierce his armor of selfishness, did it even give him a touch of humor? Moreover, did not his success, his wonderful quality of self-deception, finally work out for him a character that was as big as he dreamed he was? Is not that kind of ambition really the only efficient kind, in that it creates real men out of the phantoms of self-deception that they are at the start?

If Mr. Tarkington had really tackled Hector in a long novel, he would have gone far toward explaining W. J. Bryan and other men who have grown big.

Mrs. Atherton's Experiments

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, in her volume of short stories, "The Bell in the Fog," has tried all sorts of experiments. The book is dedicated "To the Master, Henry James," and in the title story she has essayed not only to write like Mr. James, but to put something of his personality in the hero, Ralph Orth. She attempts his rôle of "splendid" superiority—sitting on a cloud aloof from the world, and portraying the virtues and frailties of his subjects. A plentiful use of his pet adjectives, and the effort at "distinction" and "subtlety," are insufficient to conceal the talent for artificial melodrama, which is Mrs. Atherton's chief quality as a writer. It dominates "The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number," so that Mr. James is entirely obliterated. When Mrs. Atherton really forgets to be artificial, as in "The Tragedy of a Snob," she tells a good story with directness and force. The publishers inform the reader that "her stories are somewhat comparable to the prose masterpieces of Edgar Allan Poe." The shade of Poe might have considerable sport with this suggestion.

A Literary Commercial Traveler

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's volume, "At Close Range," might be entitled "The Stories of an Itinerant Lecturer," for seven of the nine stories are incidents of travel either in this country or in Europe. Mr. Smith is at his best in the American sketches. There is a vividness in the stage setting and a picturesque vigor in the language of the characters which could be achieved only by an observing man and a good fellow who has spent many hours in smoking-cars and in railway waiting-rooms. Two characters, Steve Dodd and Sam Makin, are American drummers of a very attractive type. They are really alike and ought to have the same name. Their shrewdness and their goodfellowship have such an alluring quality that Mr. Smith ought to go ahead and write the great American drummer novel. He himself has been a commercial traveler

in the literary line, and appreciates the humors of the business. There was once a good play of the road, "Sam'l of Posen," but a really good novel has yet to be written to vivify the American drummer. The book is called "At Close Range" because the author has found that when he has searched "the secret places of the many minds and hearts which in my nomadic life cross my path," there is always "a drop of gold" in every "heart crucible." There isn't a plot in one of these stories; each is founded on an incident that a newspaper man could put in a paragraph, but the charm of them lies in the elaboration of the human nature and pathos of ordinary people, and in the extremely pertinent language with which the author expresses the shades and the ironic humor of the American types. The good old simple virtues of chivalry to woman, bravery in danger, and common-sense in a predicament, are the staple material of the stories. Each is well written, but "An Extra Blanket" and "A Medal of Honor" are the most artistic and complete in their expression. It is an amusing book with no dull spaces.

A Good Story from a Sand House

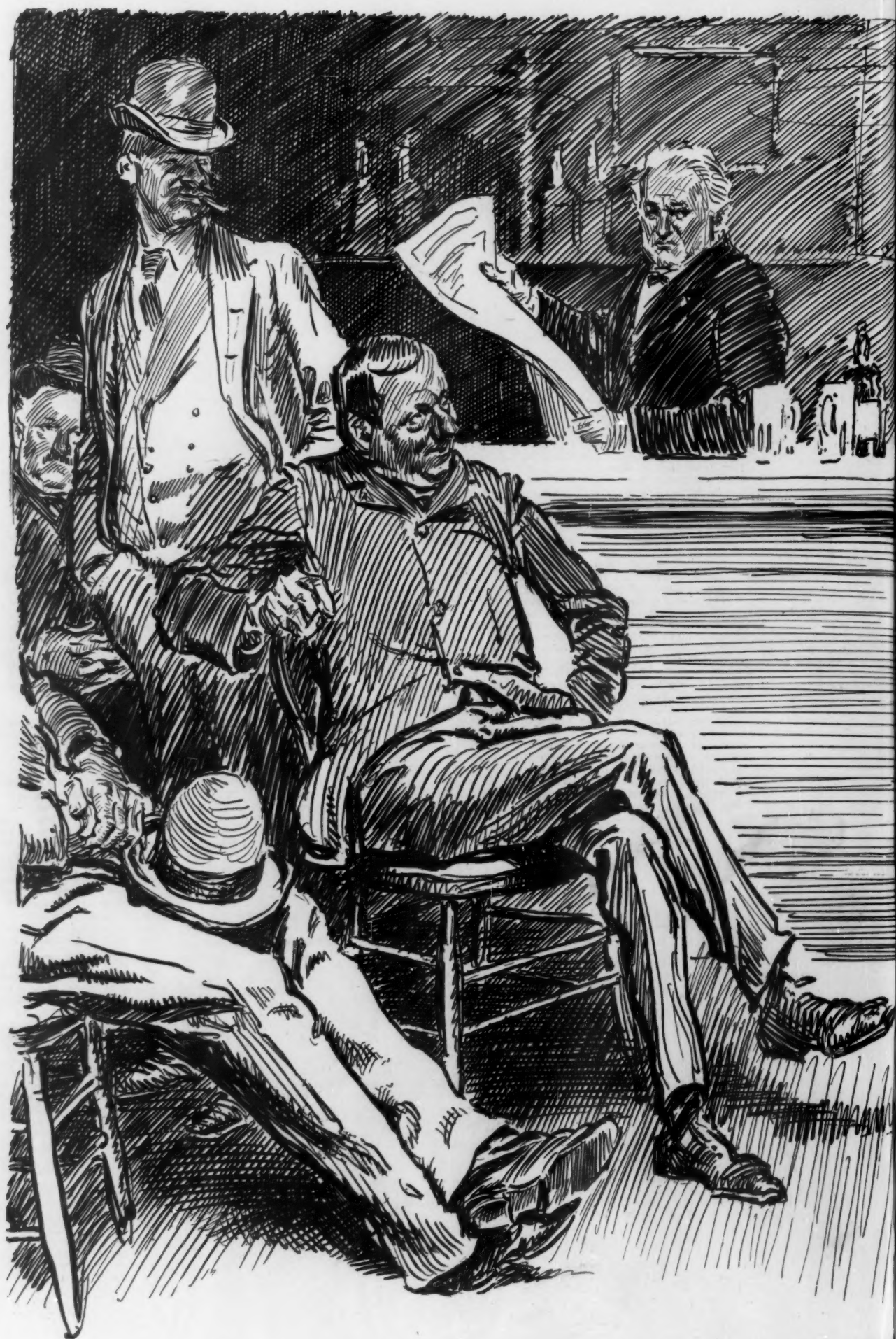
A new writer, Charles D. Stewart, shows unusual originality in method and in characters in "The Fugitive Blacksmith." It seems to be a rambling, inconsequential series of humorous sketches, until it suddenly dawns on the reader that he is hot on the trail of a real story with a plot that is gradually being developed with charming art. By that time all of the characters are as real as next-door neighbors. The whole Finerty household, with their warm Irish hearts and pervasive humor, are the medium through which the real hero is seen. They merely listen to the inimitable Stumpy, but the human glow emanates from the Finertys. The Blacksmith appears at first hand only in the last chapter of all. The tale will be too leisurely and evasive for some readers, but those who love humor and character will find their compensation. To evolve all of this from a railroad sand-house and a three-room cabin is the special charm and originality of the author.

A British Satire by Belloc

In "Emmanuel Burden" a writer of great cleverness, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, has attempted a most difficult thing—a sustained satire of several hundred pages, which is presumed to be written by a perfectly dense old clergyman who believes that he is writing a eulogy of Burden. It is a satire on modern commercial methods of the large kind, as practiced by promoters, in contrast with a typical British merchant of the old school, with his virtues, his weaknesses, and his lapses from old ideals. The picture of Burden is complete and pathetic. But the illusion of the dense biographer is time and again dispelled by the too evident cleverness of Mr. Belloc himself—who can not resist the temptation to make the old man ridiculous. For an author to assume the person of an unsympathetic character throughout a long story is a most dangerous literary experiment, and the reader as well as the author himself is apt to be wearied by it.

"Uncle George"—A Good Fellow

Out on the Pacific Coast there is a very old man, nearly ninety, who has been known for thirty years as Uncle George to all of the Bohemian Club and to most of the other inhabitants of California. He is still a boy at heart, and has just published his reminiscences under the title "The Long Ago and the Later On." Uncle George is George T. Bromley, a brother of the late Isaac H. Bromley, the famous wit and satirist of the New York "Tribune," whose stories are still current. Uncle George was the adventurer of the family—a sailor before the mast, a pioneer in California, the conductor on its first railroad, Consul-General to Tientsin, perpetual High-Priest of the Bohemian Club, and a genial philosopher always. He has known many men of distinction all over the world, and they pass through his pages illuminated with the gentle appreciation of a kindly heart. The book is as amusing as a first-rate story, and will add to the sum of human happiness. Uncle George is of the family of David Harum and Eben Holden, and has had the good fortune to be alive and tell his own story.



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THE AGI

"Who is it's brought us here, I ask you? Who's a-grindin' us under the ir"

DRAWN BY CHARLES



AGITATOR

s under the iron heel o' despotism? I say to you the time has come, when——"

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

PRINT IN BINDING



A MONEY MAKER

A Little Drama of Stage Life

By

Virginia Tracy

In Two Parts—Part II



SYNOPSIS OF PART I

Matthew Kester, a struggling young actor, is playing at the "Orpheum Theatre," in New York, and trying to save up enough money to be married. The girl he is in love with, Leslie Raymon, is "starring" as Juliet in the West. Her manager, aided by an ambitious mother, forbids her to marry or even to write to young Kester. At the opening of the story young Kester learns from an actress who has just returned from the West, and has met the other company somewhere out in the "alkah," that Mrs. Raymon is trying to force her daughter to marry the manager, McGaw, who courts favor through theatrical promotion.

MATT'S pipe had gone out. It was not much past ten o'clock, but it seemed, somehow, like the middle of the night. Belinda slept on the foot of the bed; somebody upstairs was droning out a dialect story—evidently, from the refined tones of the dialect, of the pathetic type—and a kind of drowsiness, a kind of secrecy, pervaded the air. Matt, however, was intensely, burningly, awake. He was given over, emotionally, to that kind of torment where pain is nothing but the restraint of an outcry. He had completely forgotten the Sunday evening readings from the anthology, and when Mayfair's deprecating fumble sounded on the door he had an instant of glancing about, of violent longing to escape. Mr. Mayfair had admired Leslie greatly; he was able to soliloquize about her, to make phrases. That, for to-night, would be the unbearable. Matt advanced a little toward the door, backed nervously, and forced himself to call, "Come in." Mr. Mayfair mildly entered, a whiskey bottle and glasses gathered to his breast, and a pitcher containing the evening rations of ice water in his other hand. "Good-evening, lad," said he, and sank into the rocker.

Somebody upstairs began to dance. The rest of the party patted juba for the performer, and Connie's voice, admirably suggestive, swung into the first line of her favorite coon song, "Black nigger Billy's a-comin' down the street." Mr. Mayfair raised his eyes in tolerant contempt, and then waved his hand toward the whiskey. "A little conviviality of our own, Matthew?"

"Not for me!" said Matt.

The old gentleman stared at him. "Why, why?"

"Dear boy! Why so ungracious?"

Matt was aware of an impulse to strike the bureau where the whiskey was set forth, to make the glasses jingle in the old man's astonished ears, to shriek at him, like an excited girl, that, whatever he did, he was to keep away from Leslie, that her name was not to be mentioned again, not to-night. He said, "Take your drink; don't mind me."

Connie's song beat in his ears. "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you"; he seemed to see her little figure swaying, her little hands tapping the air—what a good sort she was! And to think she'd seen Leslie! Leslie! He believed he would have some whiskey, after all, and then he shuddered back from the comfort of it with his unnatural reserve.

Connie had reached her refrain:

"Ah won't trouble trouble till trouble troubles me—
Me an' Mistah Trouble don't verry well agree."

Mayfair, as he began spreading neatly written little papers on the bureau, lent a disparaging attention. "Ah me! These Sunday evening entertainments. Noise! Modernity! I once went to one. Never again, as you young men say. And yet, I ought not to complain. That was my first meeting with Miss Raymon." Matt's expectant nerves gave a click of confirmation. "Miss Leslie Raymon, that sweet young lady! She, too, was unaffiliated. At once I, as I may say, recognized her—her difference, her remoteness. She was almost a child. I took her by the wrist and led her into the bay window. I took a volume of Rossetti from my pocket. Mrs. Kennedy was there then, as now. She was singing something about a cat—'Has anybody seen my cat?' I began to read to Miss Leslie. I read her Rossetti's noblest poem, 'Sister Helen'—noble, noble, but weird, distorted! She was much impressed; much! A gentle nature!" He took a drink. Connie's voice swelled and sank upon the final chorus—

"Ah won't trouble trouble, but Ah won't run away."

"My dear lad," said Mr. Mayfair, "don't stand! You make me uneasy."

He began to fuss with papers again. "Ah, I miss her very much. She, too, sang for us sometimes; more especially of a Sunday night. Even here, in this room, you remember. 'Hark! Hark! the lark!' that was your choice, and Wordsworth's imperishable 'Lucy,' that was to please me, merely. She seemed to have no wishes of her own. I have often thought you never

quite knew the tenderness of her, Kester. Like a young bird. But easily led; easily crushed." He looked inquiringly at his host, and getting no answer, mended on: "Now and then we are given such creatures for a moment, like—if I may so express myself—like celestial promises. Sometimes it seemed to me that you, Kester, were trying to bind her to the earth. Wrong, my boy, wrong! We can not keep them. We should not wish to. Mere visitors in this coarse world. They do not need us. We must not grasp at them. They are not for us." He began to tap complacently on the bureau top with his weak fingers. "Miss Leslie, now, a sweet young lady! She went, as I understand, to California?"

"Yes."

"Yes, yes. Quite right. To the Golden Gate—like 'Fair Inez.' She, too, you know, 'went into the West.' You remember Hood's exquisite verses:

"She's taken our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
She had morning blushes on her cheek—"

Yes, that is like Miss Leslie. She had that look, if you follow me, of scarcely having been breathed upon by the world."

"What do you mean by 'had'?" said Matt.

"Eh?" said Mr. Mayfair.

"She 'had' it, I think you said." He came suddenly up to his guest, and, pushing away the whiskey and the papers, scowled into the mild, old blinking face with an insistent rudeness. "What makes you think she's changed? Oh, yes, she has that look all right. She kept it after three years of having been hawked about from one manager's office to another; after a life of having been put through her paces, of living on exhibition. As you suggest, she can't help it; it's a light shining in her, it's her sweet, sweet—" he came to an abrupt pause.

"You—you astound me!" said Mr. Mayfair. "Living on exhibition!"

"Look here! Would you like to know how she has lived?" Matt sat down on the footboard of the bed. By this time he had quieted his voice. "Do you want to hear some truth? Maybe it'll astound you further yet. There's been a deal of babble about Miss Raymon the past year, of course. You were all sorry for me, I know, my infatuation for her was an excellent subject for gossip; it was patent to all of you that she was the whole world to me, and that I lost her. But did you ever know the other side of it? That I was the whole world to her, too? That I was all she had?"

Said the old gentleman, shifting a little, "Dear lad—"

Matt pushed on. "You've said some things about Leslie to-night; don't you think it's about up to you to listen? It's a long story, double, in fact, for the two of us. I should be glad, though, if you'd hear it. Then, in the beginning—Leslie's grandmother was, as you know, a famous actress, a famous beauty."

Mr. Mayfair smiled and sighed. "Ah, yes!" he said. "Leslie Raymon! Leslie Raymon as Juliet! A wonderful creature!"

"Just so. All of that, then, the beauty, the talent, the bright spirit, everything, it skipped a generation and came straight to Leslie, this Leslie. They were always together, everywhere the resemblance was remarked, all sorts of hopes and stories grew out of it; the grandmother began to teach the child—to teach her Juliet. The little girl was very precocious; before she could speak plain she used to give the balcony scene in baby talk, standing on a table. The famous Leslie got managers to listen, and every one of them had about the same thing to say—'When she grows up, send her to me.'"

"Mr. Raymon died while his mother was still on the stage, and his daughter was a baby. The family lived in Chicago, where I came from, and my mother was their dressmaker—or seamstress—would be more like it, perhaps. She made Leslie's first dresses for dancing school, and I delivered them. It began

like that for me, I daresay, with the touches of her pretty clothes. I was about eleven then, when Leslie was five, and the wonderful Mrs. Raymon took a fancy to me. It was thought great sport to teach me, too; to put Romeo's lines into my mouth for the baby to take her cue from. Well, the great Leslie Raymon died when this Leslie, my Leslie, was barely seven years old.

"She died, and, of course, she didn't leave a penny. The younger Mrs. Raymon had only a miserable little income from her husband's life insurance; but her brother Jim, a fine fellow, as I remember him—he was off to Australia about then—before he left he set her up in a boarding-house with almost his last dollar. I don't see why such an occupation should have been in the least uncongenial to her, but it turned out a grisly failure. My mother and I, when we gave up our flat in the spring, went to board with her, though it was terribly inconvenient for us, and we could very ill afford it. She, my mother, was extravagantly indulgent to my passion for the Raymons. She had married, I believe, 'a little beneath her'; that is to say, my father was a veterinary surgeon instead of the government clerk or second-rate dentist that she might have had. She had been wise enough and brave enough for that, but on account of it she lived in a perpetual state of apology toward me. It seemed to her that she had kept me out of my right place in life, and the extraordinary value which the Raymons set upon themselves—you see, I'm talking like a human being, and not in the least like a gentleman—made her feel that when I was with them I was close to refinement, even in touch with gentility, perhaps. She had had, at first, her tremors about 'actresses,' but when I burst out as a pocket Romeo, she became not only resigned, she became ambitious. In this way it seemed to her that the Raymons, even in their headless condition, were desirable people 'to keep in with.' We had a kind of pushed-about existence in their house, living—well, in the corners of their life. Among so many differences, our comparative relation was the same; we were still as much on sufferance as if our money had been somehow of less value than other people's. I daresay—and in a sense it was true enough—that we seemed to Mrs. Raymon like servants of the house. But when the crash came, and they were left with almost nothing, my mother quivered out with a proposition that I've forgotten all the terms of, but at any rate the two families 'cast in their lots and took a little cottage sort of house together, out in Lake View.

Leslie grew up there. She was raised and cultivated there, as the future Juliet. It was a very curious isolation. We were like a court in exile, and the rightful queen, when she came of age, would bring us all back to our own again. We strained every nerve and turned every penny to assure her the best training, the best setting for her pretty looks. Her looks and her grandmother's name were always in the atmosphere, and were always stated, I might say, in the advertisement.



He saw huddled on the floor of the dark hall the slight figure of a girl

We went without decent food, we went without sufficient coal, without comforts of any sort—oh, Leslie went without them, too!—but she learned a little French and a little music; she went to dancing school. She even had lessons in stage dancing and in fencing; she had lessons in elocution at five dollars an hour, year out and in, when we were going to bed by eight o'clock to save the gas, and when we passed whole summers without ice. My mother made her the most beautiful dresses, yes, and the costliest, for functions, for occasions, though at home she was kept in checked aprons, cold cream, and curl papers. Of course, we kept no servant, but I did what I could, and my mother did a great deal, and even Mrs. Raymon did something. Leslie was held aloof from housework, partly for fear that it might spoil her hands and partly because she had so many breathing exercises and dance steps and recitations to practice when she got home from her incessant lessons. Her voice, her pronunciation, her carriage, her complexion, her figure, the dressing of her hair—it seems now as if nothing else were ever spoken of or ever thought of. I own that a great deal of this was excellent, but what I can't understand now is why it was not recognized that most of these things would mix very well with a little health. Since we did live among panicky precautions lest she should 'catch' something, why did it occur to nobody that a good constitution was of considerably more importance to a future Juliet than being able to sing 'Pretty Pond Lilies' or to ask after the health of your cousin, the apothecary, in the French language. As for me, I was never wise, but I was keenly aware that she was not having fun enough, and I did what I could. Most of 'em, my entertainments for her, were the comparatively inexpensive ones of window-shopping and stories out of the public library, and afternoons in Lincoln Park. These could have been got for her without me, of course, but the point is that they wouldn't have been. And they're a good deal to little girls, Mayfair. And I did at least keep her out of doors, took her for walks and car rides, fixed her up a hammock, taught her to skate, worked a garden for her, and used even to afford her foreign travel in the tugboat that goes out to the Crib. I made her a sled, and dragged her over the whole of Lake View on it, and built us a toboggan slide in the back yard. Mrs. Raymon disliked pets, but Leslie wanted 'em, and she had 'em. Mrs. Raymon kept up one thing admirably. She managed, God knows how, to send Leslie to the performances that were her best school-books, of course. Passes were sometimes worked on her grandmother's name, and then she and her mother went together; when money had to be paid, a single matinee seat was bought, and then I took her to the theatre and brought her home. Well, I knew the funk that comes of creeping out of such an enchantment into a five o'clock Chicago winter, and I didn't want Leslie sunk in that, so many and many a time, to break the fall for her, I defrauded the home life of dimes and nickels, quarters even, that went into soda or ice cream, or hot chocolate with little frosted cakes. A good part of the time I sold papers after school, and in an intermittent kind of way I delivered things for the corner druggist. All these pennies ought to have gone into the general pocketbook, but I may say that they did not. And there was nothing so alarming as any benevolence of intention in the pleasures that I fished for her; only I loved her, of course, and wanted her with me! Well, her necessities kept growing with her years; it was impossible for me to continue living on the same money with those three women. I had been wept into high school, but less than half way through I turned sulky, butted over my dependence, got a rather menial job in a famous fencing school downtown, and my poor mother was obliged for the rest of her life to acknowledge a half-educated child. I shouldered up through the fencing school for two years, and when I was eighteen was taken on at the Conservatory of Acting as assistant teacher of fencing and calisthenics. At the same time I got a job as usher at one of the theatres, and we were pretty prosperous about then. My mother had worked up a very fair trade, and Leslie's uncle Jim was prospering, too, and sent presents of money to help out the little trickle from the life insurance. My theatre kept open most of the summer; my classes at the Conservatory did not, but I always had work at something or other. I got a few private pupils for one thing, and on and off, during all those summers, I kept going and yet kept near home with all sorts of little 'unskilled' jobs. I cut grass, for a long while I directed envelopes for a publishing house, I inspected gas metres. I was (improbably enough, it seems to me) night watchman at a restaurant; once I worked at a plumber's, and once at a photographer's, and once I undertook to canvass for an illustrated Bible, but at that I was a total failure. I ran an elevator in an office-building, and during the illness of the legitimate incumbent I got one of the delivery wagons of a department store to drive. These things were terrible to my mother, and I think I made too little of that, and even condemned her for her standards. And I saw her life being run into the mold of Leslie's, just as mine was, with no restiveness or question; I don't claim that my course has been a just one, only that it has been devoted. But then I merely triumphed; I was Napoleon, I was Alexander, I was bringing home new worlds of cash, of spending-money, to brighten Leslie's life. Then and later all its ornaments were mine. I bought her a bicycle, let me tell you, a watch, a fur thing to go round her neck; it came to be I who bought her little shoes and rushed her to the dentist's, and began to see to it that she had beefsteak. From time to time I managed that she should have a few of the trinkets that other girls had—a string of gold beads, some bangles, and one of those damned chatelaines.

"When Leslie was about fourteen, direct tracks for fame began to be made. She was too little and young to act, but all the more reason to give some manager a chance to see his fortune in her as soon as possible, and to send her abroad to study for a couple of years before he brought her forward with a big Broadway produc-

tion. Such things have been, said we. She was already, you understand, something of a local celebrity, recited at Press Club benefits and so on, and sometimes had her photographs in the shop windows. She and her mother called on all the stars and managers who came to town, and Leslie recited for every one of them that would listen to her—first the potion scene, of course, and then as far afield as the mercy speech, and the sleep-walking scene, and 'There, little girl, don't cry,' for modern refinement, and 'The One-Horse Shay' for comic relief. On the whole, they were extraordinarily well treated, for the sake of that lovely grandmother of Leslie's. But still, for a girl—well.

"About the middle of that year I left Chicago with some people who were doing a vaudeville sketch. There was a little scrub of a third part in their act, and they wanted somebody to play it who was not too proud to look after the baggage. I went away, and it was two years before I came back. I got a summer job in a little stock company down South that played twice a day, two plays a week, and then, you know how, when once you get into stock, you bounce from one company to another? I kept busy all the winter and the next spring, and by that time the folks had got so used to the money that I didn't dare to stop it. I had my winter contract with a queer melodrama before I went out to Portland, Oregon, to the summer stock, and coming



A hand of each crept over the tablecloth

back I stopped over in Chicago to see about getting Leslie and her mother to New York. We all felt both that Leslie could get better instruction there and that they ought to be getting in touch with the actual, the central market."

Matt rose, and began trudging up and down again. "She was a little girl, you know, when I left," he suddenly and quietly recommenced. "When I came back, it was all—it was changed, something was different, everything. She was sixteen. They had given her long skirts to wear and piled her hair up. Up to that time, you see, there were six years between us—it had been just a devotion, a craze—'God save the Queen,' and so on. But then she came out on the porch, it was early in the morning, and the light was all around her, it seemed to be folded round her, in a white dress she had on. When she held out her hands to me, they were shaking. I couldn't let them go, I couldn't speak; since then, of course—" his voice trailed into silence. "Well, I brought them on here, Leslie and her mother; I got them a decent room, and so long as I was here we were quite gay. We went about to the theatres, and on what you might call ferryboat trips, and through the parks and the streets and the shops. Les and I are experts, you know, in economical enjoyments. But I was away the whole winter, and in that time things got on edge. They had not taken a flat because it did not seem worth while when Leslie might be snatched away by a manager at any moment, and they began to know the nip of being really poor—the difference between poverty in a cottage and poverty in a boarding-house. And there had begun again, of course, but more horribly, the hunt for a backer, a manager—O! my God, Mayfair, can't you follow it, don't you know it, the whole pitiable, degrading business? Haven't you seen often enough women, pretty women—poor, yes, but used to the decencies, the niceties of life—come into New York with the hope of winning it with all the poor little brightnesses and enthusiasms, the theories, the cheap treats they give themselves, the expectant, temporary economies they pride themselves on making, the sweetness, the youth of the start, and haven't you seen it all, time and again, dragged out of them, beaten out of them, till you're ashamed to look them in the face—and my girl thrown against this before she was seventeen years old! The chances she just missed, the managers who almost signed with her and didn't, the people who took her up and dropped her, the waitings, the entreaties, the

snubs that had to be swallowed, the smirks, the pretences that had to be made, and those two women cooped up in that one room together, month out and in, without a friend in the city, and with scarcely a penny that they dared to spend!

"You perhaps remember when my mother died?" Mr. Mayfair slightly jumped. "Yes, Kester," he said. The young man was standing with an abstracted, absent look, and the older man continued, "A year ago this winter, was it not? Poor little Miss Raymon! How bitterly she cried! Yes, indeed."

"Well, for about a year I had been doing for my mother what perhaps I should have done from the beginning, though I most truly believe that her happiness lay the other way, like mine, in the things I did for Leslie. The wrench of parting from Leslie was terrible to her, though she did not at first want to go with her, to leave Chicago and her customers—perhaps she did not like to depend wholly upon me. But in the late fall she began to sicken of an old complaint, and by the middle of the winter I had persuaded her to give up her work and come on here to board at the same house with the Raymons. I thought that in the spring I could put them all into a flat together. Well, at just about that time, Engle—yes, the great David, if you please—had cast an eye on Leslie and her prospects, and so it seemed as if those prospects were lined with diamonds. And now for the first time it began to be plain that I had no part in those prospects; that Leslie's luck was not my luck; that I should 'still be welcome as an old friend,' but that for Leslie to try to place me in her company—for me to climb up over Leslie's shoulders was the phrase, I believe—was a thing out of the question, a thing Mrs. Raymon had not supposed that anybody dreamed of. It had never crossed her mind, she said, that we expected to hold on to Leslie's skirts. When I came to hear about all this, I don't say that I enjoyed either the complaisance or the eagerness with which it had been put forward, but I knew enough of theatrical conditions to recognize that Leslie, in the hands of Engle and the Trust, would most likely have been powerless to help me. My mother, however, felt otherwise, and spoke as she felt. I suppose that she had sustained herself with the notion of my assured future every time we talked of Leslie's fortunes, every time she looked at me, and trembled for her lean nigger of a boy; the understanding, the agreement almost, had always been so recognized that when the gold fell about Leslie it was also, in some degree of the infinitely

less, to be shaken down to me. At any rate, they quarreled, which at that time meant nothing to Mrs. Raymon, but a great deal of bitterness to my poor mother. I couldn't leave her in New York, and I was playing one-night stands myself, so I sent her up the State to the little town where she was born; she lived there with a married cousin of mine. Thank God, she had a couple of silk dresses, and so on, and a little idleness, a little—" his voice broke and he laughed—"a little splurge before the end. Well, you can see that all this time I could spare terribly little for Leslie. For a whole year and more I did nothing appreciable for her; it was a dreadful winter, and I wanted a fur coat for her, as I believe I have wanted nothing else, but it could not be got, and I believe the occasional novels and ribbons that I did send only added to Mrs. Raymon's sense of injury at my uselessness. I was very far away, and I became less and less of a necessity and more of a nonentity in their life.

"But things change, you know. The deal with Engle fell through, and so did others, and then it came to the point where no more were even started. I wasn't here, Uncle Jim was hard up again, things began to go to pawnshops. They took cheaper quarters—at this house, in fact. By the next spring they had parted with everything of value—even outlook, I believe. It was a cold, rainy afternoon that I got back to town; Leslie met me at the station, and there were her little feet squashing up and down in old, broken, soaking boots. She was white and fagged, her eyes were strained, there was a scare in her voice—those were things I couldn't have, of course.

"Well, we had a gay spring; we were the aristocrats of the boarding-house! Now, weren't we, Mayfair? We had two wild, delirious months of restaurants and drives and theatres and clean gloves, and then, when that ridiculous, hot, end-of-the-world June came, I sent them to the seaside for the last fortnight of it, Mrs. Raymon protesting that she would pay me back the money—for she had tasted freedom from me, you know, and after all, I'll swear it tasted sweet! While they were away I had time to look steadily at Leslie's prospects, and one thing came out pretty clear that I had been stone blind not to see before. Here was Leslie, looking like a child, it's true, but nearly nineteen; she'd been two years and a half in New York, and nothing had come of it; everything that could be done in the way of dragging and crawling and expounding to other people had been done, every mortal creature that could help Leslie had been invited to do something for her and had refused; and I saw at last that it was up to us to do something for ourselves. The best way to convince people is to show them. What we should have to do—Lord! why hadn't I thought of it before?—was the old stunt of the special performance. It was a big order—to hire a theatre, and engage a company for her, for a single performance of Juliet, and it came to me when I had spent every dollar on our gallivanting. Even if I had luck, it would take me a year or more to get the money—a year! when I was feeling already how long ago it ought to have been managed, and as if I'd wasted three years of her life!

Still, it was something definite, it could be done, and that was the whole thing. I was in high spirits when they came home; I paid their carfare uptown with the last quarter I had in the world, but I told them my plan as if I'd been blowing it through a trumpet. It struck me then and afterward that Mrs. Raymon was rather vague and unexcited over it, but I thought that was just native ill-temper, and it never occurred to me to connect it with the Mr. McGaw whom they had met at the seaside and had hopes of—there were always so many fruitless hopes of so many people. Within ten days after they got back I had signed for the winter with the Orpheum, and had got for my running expenses the job of a friend of mine, who had been suping for six a week, but who had made a lot on a prize-fight and cleared out. On that gay income I was, of course, unable to buy Leslie so much as a chocolate-drop, but one Sunday, in a burst of extravagance, I took her for a car-ride. It was rather an oppressive evening in the city, and we got home in a warm, late dusk. As we came in we heard a man's voice saying, 'Perhaps he's spotted the little girl for a money-maker.' Mr. McGaw was calling—and the rest's well known hereabouts."

Matt went to the window and stood there, appearing to inspect the darkness. There was a burst of laughter from upstairs, and as it died away he turned suddenly round and said to Mayfair: "I don't know whether I've made out my case. Do you see what kind of a life she's had, and whether it would have been worse without me, eh? Mind you, what I pride myself on isn't that I've had so much of the joy of paying for her things, her food and clothes, and so on; that would have been done, somehow, without me—worse done, it's true. But the thing I've kept intact for Leslie, the fortune I've secured to her, is her lovely spirit. Recall what you said at the start—'She looks as if she'd scarcely been breathed on by the world.' She who's been brought up to fawn and pose and spout as if that were all she'd been born for, who's been taught that nothing matters about other people except what you can get out of them, so you mustn't resent offences or champion your beliefs! She and her mother have waited for three hours in a hotel parlor for the chance to wheedle a bleached, bediamonded woman out of a letter of introduction to a man who might back Leslie's tour if this lady played her second business. Scores of times she's dressed herself for the inspection of managers, and hung around the doors of their offices when she was ready to drop, till at last they'd look her over and decide that she wouldn't do. And if it hadn't been for me, what would she have had to put up against this? From any one but me she'd never heard of anything except success, and no quality of hers had been valued, no, not by her mother, unless it seemed remunerative. 'That sweet young lady,' Mayfair, has had as many clothes as could be bought for her, but she's never had any liberty nor any privacy, and authority she can't even simulate. You were correct enough; her sweetness is all right, and it's I who have kept it so. Never for myself. Not to hold her down to me, to keep her out of her great place. There are some men who love like that, I know, and pride themselves on it, but I asked for Leslie on her conditions, not mine. The worldliest people who've had a hand in her life never wished her brighter things, more money or fame or glitter, than I did. But I couldn't get those things, and I did what I could; I gave her a childhood, that's something, and a girlhood. I played with her, I taught her, I hunted beauties for her, the whole world was just a thing with sunsets and books and pretty tricks, treasure of one kind or another, for me to dig out and bring

home to fill those empty little hands of hers! At home they curled her hair, buttoned her dresses, but they knew no more of her sweet growth—I made a world for her to grow in, and all the horrors that she was trained to couldn't get past its love; there's been no vulgarity, not a privation nor rebuff, that's entered her heart. My craze about her has been round her like a screen, it's been a constant tendence, and whatever shock got past my guard in the circumstances of her life, she was so secure in the atmosphere of my imagination, in the sense of being infinitely important, fathomlessly loved and cared for, that her serenity has scarcely trembled. To come down to it, I've made her. She's just as much mine as if I'd built her. Not the less because it's my life I've done it with. To continue to be poetical, I've been the queen's own body-guard, but I've never been a boy. If she's sweet and unbroken and younger than her darling years, it's because my own youth's in hers, given to her like so much food. Do you think it's stunted me at all, or been something of an isolation, such a long watch and a close one? Hasn't it taken it out of me, though! And I don't mean in the direct money, but in light-heartedness, in companionship, opportunity, in balance. Do you think I don't see? I've paid out—everything for Leslie. I've paid for her happiness, and it's she who shall have it, not McGaw. They've won out, I know, but so have I. They've made her all they wished, a Juliet, a star, a money-maker—Oh! but what shall it profit a girl?—I've made her happy. By God, Mayfair, I've saved her soul alive! It's true she's gone. But she loves me, she's glad to love me—" He had been speaking lower and lower, and suddenly he put his hands over his pale and frowning face.

Mr. Mayfair got up, wavered about for a moment, and then laid the clasp of embarrassed sympathy upon Matt's shoulder. "No!" said Matt. "Get off! Don't pity, for God's sake!" With a sufficient gentleness he pushed away Mayfair's touch. "But don't say that she's not for me. And don't hint that she's changed. She's not changed." He came to a complete stop.

In the ensuing silence, Belinda rose, stretched herself, jumped off the bed, and, going determinedly to the door, she lifted up her voice. "Pussy!" said Mr. Mayfair. "Pretty Pussy! Well, well." He sidled toward the door and opened it. Belinda glided between his legs and disappeared. "It's all right," said Matt. "Let her go." The old gentleman looked after her a moment, then ejaculated, "Well, dear me! I—ah—good-night, dear lad."

"Good-night, Mayfair!" Matt arrested him on the threshold with a glance of drooping mischief. "You ought to learn self-defence, for you're an admirable listener. Good-night."

He sat down in the rocking-chair. For a minute or two he could hear the old man pattering about the hall, and he was aware that his consciousness clung to the sound, in preference to being left to face itself. He sat still for a long time, cultivating blankness—for so long that his face grew chilly in his hands. His mind remained clear enough, but his body began to feel the opiate of an extreme fatigue. As the revelries upstairs grew gayer, they came to his senses with a remote, consolatory friendliness. He lifted his head; his watch said half-past eleven, and he remembered that he ought to see what had become of Belinda. He pulled himself to his feet, and, going wearily to the door, wearily opened it. Belinda was there; he saw her little white furriness coming toward the light, and at the same time he saw in the deep shadow, huddled on the floor of the dark hall, the slight and quiet figure of a girl.

She had had no time to stir, and sat back crowding against the banisters, her arms flung out along the rungs, and her face and her white trailing dress glimmering palely in the sudden light.

"Leslie?" he said. He put his hand out like a blind man into the hallway. "It's you, isn't it?" he said.

She seemed to sway hesitatingly to her feet, and then suddenly she ran to him with outstretched arms. Her quick and soft little kiss missed his mouth, and landed on the collar of his coat. She turned her tremulous face against his sleeve, pressing close to him, holding him in a small, tight, famished clutch. As they stood thus, Belinda ran forward, and with harsh squeaks of ecstasy rubbed and purred about them. But somehow it seemed impossible to attract their attention. They remained, as it were, preoccupied.

It did not occur to him to wonder how she got there. He drew her into the room and stood looking at her, and at length, "Oh, my God!" he said, "I wanted you! so much, Leslie! Leslie!" He passed one hand over her sleeve as if to appraise its texture.

But she had wanted him so much that neither speech nor movement came to her; she stood still, and her eyes filled and overflowed, and filled again. "I came," she said, and lost her breath and tried again. "I came—" She held out her hand, and he took it and held it, and she gathered courage. "It was dreadful, of course; terrible, but it was not my fault. I did as well as I could. But I couldn't help being glad. It was all wrong from the beginning. I'm sorry about his money, very, very sorry, but it was not my fault—"

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"Oh, did you know from the beginning, Matt? You ought to have told me. I should always have been so glad to know that it really didn't matter. I never wanted to be great; you know I never did. I never said I could be. It was—"

"Do you mean that you're a failure?" said Matt.

"Oh, yes. He's lost a great deal of money on me. He won't spend any more. Mamma says he's broken the contracts. But I think it's the best thing he can do. I can't act at all, you see."

"Leslie! It's incredible! After all these—Leslie! Are you sure?"

She looked at him with the contented amiability of the delinquent who is willing to do all that is possible. She said, "I could play maids' parts, I guess."

He had backed two or three paces from her, and he spoke no word of comfort, but she never had a moment's doubt of him. "We broke up over a week ago, 'way out West," she went on. "It was in some of the papers, but, you see, I wasn't of any importance by then, and every one was paid their salary, all right; I suppose that's why you didn't hear about it. Mamma and I came to Chicago, to Uncle Jim. He's come back and mamma's going to stay with him. He is building a house. He wanted me to stay with him, too. Mamma wanted him to sue Mr. McGaw, and I did not know what to do. I thought as soon as I could see Uncle Jim by myself I would tell him that I could not try to act any more, I could not, and then I could write to you. I thought that then Uncle Jim would let me stay with him till you came. But yesterday Mr. McGaw came. He still—he asked me again—he wants me to marry him. He said I needn't play Juliet, he wouldn't even let me, but he would buy me all I wanted. Mamma thought it would be the best thing. He said he would stay in Chicago a while, till I came round. Mamma always took care of my salary. (Continued on page 30.)

SENATOR COPPER'S HOUSE

By WALLACE IRWIN



SENATOR COPPER of Tonapah Ditch
Made a clean billion in minin' and sich,
Hiked fer Noo York, where his money he blew
Buildin' a palace on Fift' Avenue.
"How," sez the Senator, "can I look proudest?
Build me a house that'll holler the loudest—
None o' yer slab-sided, plain mausoleums—
Give me the treasures of art and museums;
Build it new-fangled,
Scalloped and angled,
Fine, like a weddin' cake garnished with pills;
Gents, do your dooty—
Trot out yer beauty,
Give me my money's worth—I'll pay the bills."

Forty-eight architects came to consult,
Drawin' up plans for a splendid result;
If the old Senator wanted to pay,
They'd give 'im Art with a capital A,
Every style from the Greeks to the Hindoos,
Dago front porches and Siamese windows,
Japanese cupolas fightin' with Russian,
Walls Senegambian, Turkish, and Prussian;
Pillars Ionic,
Eaves Babylonian,
Doors cut in scallops, resemblin' a shell;
Roof wuz Egyptian,
Gables caniptian,
Whole grand effect, when completed, wuz—hell.

When them there architects finished in style,
Forty-nine sculptors waltzed into the pile,
Swingin' their chisels in circles and lines,
Carvin' the stone work in fancy designs;
Some favored animals—tigers and snakes;
Some favored cookery—doughnuts and cakes,
Till the whole mansion wuz crusted with orn'ments,
Cellar to garret with hammam adornments—
Lettuce and onions,
Cupids and bunions,
Fowls o' the air and the fish o' the deep,
Mermaids and dragons,
Horses and wagons—
Isn't no wonder the neighbors can't sleep!

Senator Copper, with pard'nable pride,
Showed the grand house where he planned to abide;
Full of emotion, he scarcely could speak:
"Can't find its like in Noo York—it's uneek!
See the variety, size, and alignment,
Showin' the owner has wealth and refinement,
Showin' he's one o' the tonier classes—
Who can help seein' my house when he passes?
Windows that stare at you,
Statooes that swear at you,
Steeple and weather-vanes pointin' aloof;
Nuthin' can beat it—
Jest to complete it,
Guess I'll stick gold-leaf all over the roof!"



"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "The Bath Comedy," "The Pride of Jennico," Etc.

A Series of Six Tales of Love and Adventure,
Laid in Westphalia in the Days of King Jerome

VI. THE HOMING BIRD



"My lawyers will call upon you"

IT WAS afternoon in Cassel, the capital of King Jerome's patchwork kingdom of Westphalia. They stood facing each other in the half tawdry-French, half dowdy-German, sitting-room. All inn chambers have, no doubt, seen in their day much of the comedy, much of the tragedy of life, but the walls of the *Aigle Impérial* could scarce have held a stress of deeper passion than that which moved the two young lives, sport of perverse fate, this day.

These two, who had married for love, but whom a woman's petty spite had succeeded in parting within an hour of their bridal, had met again; irresistibly yearning to each other, they were destined to be once more betrayed, this time by the very depth of their own feelings. Had they but avoided explanation! One touch of trembling hand on trembling hand, and all would have been said and all understood. But alas! the fatal gift of speech has estranged more honest souls seeking each other than ever years of silence!

Count Steven Lee of Waldorf-Kilmansegg had come riding in great haste into the inn courtyard to seek his truant bride, and his heart was beating high with a love at once tender and ardent. But the first sight of Sidonia's face, marble white and set, seemed to freeze in his veins the warm tide that was rushing all to her. Yet, poor child, it was the very clamor of her own joy that made her steel herself to outward coldness, till she had measured him by his greeting, till she knew for certain if she dare be happy.

Thus they stood. Sidonia averted her eyes. She thought his arms would quickly enfold her once again. Her whole being swooned toward that moment. But nothing came to her, nothing held her, but an ever increasing sense of chill, of desolation. The distant drum-beats and clarions of King Jerome's troops, marching to parade, the twitter of the birds in the courtyard, the coarse laughter of the grooms, floated in through the open window. She turned upon her husband of an hour with fierce inquiry: "What brings you here?" she cried.

The glow of expectancy had fallen quickly from Steven. His haughty English blood, his English traditions could ill brook challenge from one whose charm should have been womanliness, whose duty was submission. Enough of the Austrian had he in him, too, to take umbrage more quickly than the whole-born Briton. His tone was harsh as he made answer: "Because it is time this folly should cease. Because you are my wife. Because you bear my name. Because your honor is mine. I will not have you running about the world—and in such a place as this, good God!—under no better guard than that of Burggravine Betty."

The color came and went in Sidonia's cheek. As the accent of contempt with which he pronounced her aunt's name smote her ear, she started, her eyes afire.

"By all accounts," retorted she, striving to steady her voice, which throbbed to the beating of her heart, "you had been willing to trust Aunt Betty with your own honor. . . . Is it generous to speak of her like this?"

"Generous!" he echoed. Anger was now upon him. "Will you teach me generosity, you who drove me away with insult, without giving me a chance to explain? you, my bride!"

"Come, then. I am listening now. Explain." Her accents, her air were passionately peremptory.

Steven drew himself back with a proud movement; there he stood in silent, dark reflection.

One who had become his closest friend, though but a recent chance acquaintance and a mere vagabond musician at that, had advised him on this most crucial moment. The phrase was still ringing in his ears. "Tell her the naked truth."

Naked the truth was, ugly enough, in all conscience, to be convincing, if he could bring himself now to

speak it: "Your Aunt Betty offered herself to me, threw herself upon my protection. I did not love her—but I had no choice."

Ay, it was all very well to say: "You are an honest lad. Tell the naked truth!" (Thus his vagrant mentor.) But if a man has behind him long generations of gentlemen, each of whom has planned his life upon the conventional code of the point of honor among gentlemen, he can not bring his lips to form the words that will give away a woman's honor in relation to himself—be it for what is dearer than life.

The groom was washing the horse's legs in the courtyard below, and singing some lit to clink of bucket and plashing of water. These two who faced each other, love and hate in their foolish hearts, had heard the popular tune, in happier moments, upon the fiddle of wandering Hans. Poignantly it struck them.

"After all, Aunt Betty but told me the truth—if a little late—you have nothing to say," said Sidonia, between teeth clinched on a sob.

"Only this," said Steven, tossing back his scornful head, "that I command you, as your husband, to come with me now."

Sidonia pointed to the door.

"Herr Graf von Kilmansegg, I expect to hear from the court to-day anent the annulment of that ill-considered ceremony which made me your wife. My lawyers will call upon you."

"Madam," answered the count, bowing in elegant rage, "I intend to take up my abode in this hotel. Therefore there will be no difficulty about my address. But annulments are not easily concluded without the consent of both parties."

He closed the door between them upon these words. "He does not love me! He never loved me," said Sidonia to her bursting heart. "It was all pride!"

But to know him near her—under the same roof, there was balm in that.

LITTLE did the new guest guess, as he surveyed the chamber allotted to him at the *Aigle Impérial*, that just beneath Betty von Wellenshausen was in the midst of preparations of departure—that trunks were being packed, and all got ready for the immediate removal of herself, her niece, and their servants to the apartments within the Royal Palace, where the Burggrave, her husband, Chancellor to King Jerome, impatiently awaited them.

After striking his bargain with mine host, Steven went out to look for his road companion, Fiddle-Hans. Restless, he was anxious for movement and fresh air; profoundly troubled, he knew of no better help. He was prepared to be scolded by that erratic but uncompromising person for having woefully mismanaged the situation. On the other hand, he expected to be applauded for his sudden resolution of watching in person over his wife. Floating through the husband's incensed brain were vague plans of carrying off the obstinate little bride by force—a romantic exploit in which he could conceive Fiddle-Hans, the singer of youth and its madness, joining with enthusiasm.

THE small brown town was filled with the most heterogeneous throng—Austrian and Italian hangers on of the Court, French and Corsican adventurers, soldiers of as varied nationalities as were the uniforms of Jerome's fretful fancy; grenadiers, late of his brother briefly royal of Holland, in their red coatees; wonderful blue hussars, French most of them, very gallant with a wealth of jangle, whether ahorse or afoot (these same wonderful blue hussars whom

Steven had seen driven by the sheepskin Cossacks, like wrack before the storm); dragons d'Espagne, green and orange, stern, lean, war-worn (unscrupulously intercepted as they rode on their way to rejoin their imperial leader, and here disdainful of pinchbeck King and petty service); stolid Westphalian recruits, lounging along the cobbles with the slouch of sullen discontent. Astounding diplomats slowly perambulating in astounding embroideries; academicians, too, with the green palms on coat-tail and cuff—for "little brother Jerome" still played at being as like big brother Napoleon as might be.

Market bores plodded by, blue-stocking, crimson waistcoated and wide-batted; shapeless country wenches tramped and fair ladies tripped in goodly numbers, or flashed past Steven reclining in coaches, and quite a swarm of lackeys, postillions, chasseurs, with all the insolence of the servants of dissolute masters, elbowed him aside, or appraised him with open comment. Had he not been so absorbed in his private anxiety, he might have noted, in spite of the superficial air of gayety, bustle, and wealth, certain ominous signs of impending cataclysm around him—the swift passage here and there of an urgent courier, the grave countenances of some officials hurrying to the palace; the little groups, knotted together in by-streets, whispering and dissolving at the first hint of approaching police; the singular defiance of the students, the sulky muteness of the poorer burghers—and, above all, the febrile, overstrained note in the very merriment of the ruling class itself. There was a tinkling of madcap bells at the palace of Jerome that rang into the town; no one within those walls had a mind to hearken to the reverberating echoes of Dresden and Leipzig.

Steven sought his fiddler friend persistently, yet in vain. Sore at heart, and out of temper besides, he returned to the *Aigle Impérial*, to be greeted by the news that mine host had that instant lost his best lodgers in the persons of the noble Burggravine and her niece the Baroness Sidonia von Wellenshausen.

Sidonia under the roof of Jerome!

THERE was a court concert that night at the Royal Palace, and it was in the music-room that Sidonia was by command presented to Jerome.

She dropped her courtesy; here was a king for whose royalty, in her sturdy patriotism and her inherited race tradition, she felt neither allegiance nor respect. As she drew herself up from the perfunctory obeisance, she looked him in the face and met a glance that gleamed and flickered upon her with will-o'-the-wisp flame. Turning aside from that offensive smile, Sidonia became conscious of the lowering gaze of the king's master of the horse towering over his dapper little sovereign. Steady enough this; something like the glare with which the beast of prey regards his quarry. The girl's heart sank with a double terror.

"I am charmed," said the King, "to behold at last with my own eyes the young heiress of Wellenshausen, in whose charming person, I am told, is vested so much of my territory."

This was spoken in German with a pronounced Gallic accent. Then Jerome lapsed into French to say caressingly: "Mademoiselle de Wellenshausen is welcome at my court."

Burggravine Betty, escorting her husband's niece into the Presence, was quick to seize the fact that Jerome's glance had glinted past her—past Betty von Wellenshausen—to appraise the gawky child. Her sparkling olive face went rigid and gray with the strongest emotion of which she was capable—mortified vanity.

"Your Majesty mistakes," said Sidonia.



"Why are you not with your husband?"



A frenzy of haste came upon her

Her voice sounded in her own ears as a mere childish pipe; yet it was firm and clear. "Your Majesty mistakes. I am Countess Lee von Waldorf zu Kilmansegg."

Outward decorum is the rule even at the most amateur court, yet the sensation created by the announcement Sidonia could feel to her innermost nerve. The countenance of Jerome became as suddenly and threateningly overcast as that of a spoiled urchin thwarted. He flung a look of anger at his chancellor. The veins swelled on the crimsoning forehead of Colonel d'Albignac, the Master of the Horse. Betty's spite broke forth.

"Your Majesty," she interposed shrilly, "has already received information of the true position of affairs. A piece of Quixotic nonsense on the part of my cousin, Count Kilmansegg, an ill-considered undertaking to which this child would hold him bound, against all . . . against all proper pride, all feminine delicacy, and his own better judgment!"

She shot a passing arrow of fury at her niece; then she nudged the Burggrave, who instantly put in in his deep bass: "The deed of annulment is drawn up, sire."

Jerome's good humor returned. He rubbed his hands. In spite of all his royal assumptions, much of the exuberant gesture of the Corsican had stuck to him, to the infinite distaste of his stolid subjects.

"*Il faut aller vite, vite, alors.* We must make haste," he averred.

To make haste and enjoy was indeed the rule of Jerome's existence. Now a Lent of unexampled rigor seemed inevitably drawing near him, and all the more vertiginous was his carnival—so vertiginous, indeed, that, willingly blind though she was, the queen, true German daughter of Württemberg, had withdrawn from the "tourbillon" giddy and panting to take refuge at Napoleonshöhe till such time as her royal spouse should come to sober sense again.

Therefore was Sidonia's initiation to court life presided over by the sovereign only.

When the King had passed on, talking earnestly to the Burggrave, and Betty had taken voluble possession of Colonel d'Albignac, the little bride slipped away alone to a shaded corner of the great over-decorated room. The pain of the wound her aunt's words had planted in her heart was at first so poignant that she had to rest and rally her strength, lest it should fail her altogether. Then her wits, naturally alert, and to-night abnormally stimulated, began to work. She was in danger—danger of what, she knew not. But it was something horrible, unspeakable. The looks the King and d'Albignac had cast upon her, the glance of odious intelligence they had then exchanged, her uncle's obsequious haste to disclaim her marriage, and her aunt's public insult, were as many lightning flashes showing the precipice which the desolate child felt yawning in the dark at her very feet. Not a friend had she in the world to whom she could turn—save the man who did not love her, and a poor wandering musician, now probably far away on some Thuringian road, playing gay tunes to the rhythm of his own incurable melancholy. She pressed her hands against her burning eyeballs, for the twinkling brilliancy of the lights became unbearable. And, as she stood leaning against the gilt pilaster, close to her, the orchestra, half hidden behind a bank of flowers, struck up a gay French air which added to her overwhelming sense of misery.

Her uncle's words, "The deed of annulment is drawn up," seemed to jig in her brain in time to the vulgar measure. It was almost the same phrase that she herself had flung at Steven—but now it bore a sound of cruel reality quite novel to her, and when a couple of horns took up the fiddle's theme, they seemed to be blaring to the world her own unutterable shame.

"A piece of Quixotic nonsense to which she would

hold him against all proper pride, all feminine delicacy, and his own better judgment!"

How was it possible for any one to be so abandoned, so helpless? Even the little furry things of the forest at home had their holes to which they could run and hide when they were hurt. . . . The Forest at home! With what longing did her soul yearn to the thought of the clean green shelter, the scented pine alleys, with long shadows cutting the yellow glades; to the great sombre thickets where not even the most practiced huntsman of the *Revier* could have tracked a little startled hind. . . . Dawn in the woods with pipe of innocent birds waking up—and violets, blinking with dew, in the moss, and clean, tart breezes blowing free. . . . Eventide in the Forest; the mild sun setting at the end of the valley, through the clearings, and the thrush chanting his last anthem on the topmost bough of the stone pine. . . . The scent of the wood smoke from the Forest House, where foster-mother Friedel was preparing supper for her hungry sons, where all was so wholesome, so honest, so homelike; where now, who knows? Kind Fiddle-Hans might be seated in the ingle-glow where his strange music, lilt of joy and sorrow mingled, of humor and tenderness, might be floating out through the open door into the solemn forest-aisle. . . . Little Sidonia's thoughts began to wander from her own sorrow. She saw the sunrise in the Forest, she felt the evening peace. It was Fiddle-Hans who had taught her how to see the world and how to feel it.

All at once Sidonia, in her lonely corner, started and opened her eyes; she brushed her hands across her wet lids. She was dreaming, surely! And yet she could swear that the actual trill of the vagabond's own violin was even now in the air; that its piercing sweetness and incomparable depth of sound were ringing in her ears.

"*Allons voir danser la Grande Jeanne.*" brayed the orchestra, but above the jiggling and twiddling of the fiddles, the mock laughter of the hautboy, above the infectious rhythm of flute and drum, came stealing in harmony, yet infinitely apart, the plaint of the mountain air, at once pathetic and happy, that had been known between her and the wanderer as her tune.

Surely, if she were not dreaming, then she was mad! Suddenly, with crash and bang and roll of drum, *La Grande Jeanne* finished her dance—but, in half muffled tone, a single violin went on; and above the sudden clamor of laughter and voices Sidonia did plainly hear her tune calling her, insistent with all the urgency of a whispered message.

Scarcely aware of what she was doing, she left her hiding-place and went swiftly through the indifferent throng toward that voice. With one exception the men of the orchestra had left their platform, and behind a high group of palms a solitary musician plied his bow softly, secretly, as if rehearsing to himself.

Sidonia pushed some branches apart. The player looked up. Their eyes met. Then she forgot to be astonished. She thought she had known it all along. He had come to save her. True friend!

"I knew it was you," she said. She laughed at him through the green palm stems, her eyes sparkled. How could she ever have thought Fiddle-Hans would fail her at the moment of her need!

But Fiddle-Hans did not smile back. His face—so strange under powdered hair, over the mulberry uniform, bechained and besilvered, of Jerome's Court orchestra—was very grave.

"Little Madam Sidonia," he said, "what are you doing here?" He spoke sadly, and under his unconscious fingers his violin gave a sad pizzicato accompaniment to the words.

Sidonia looked at him with her child-eyes. She was half angry that he should find fault with her—the Geigel-Onkel who hitherto had always thought all she did perfect! And she was half pleased that he should dub her "Madam," instead of time-honored "Mamzell." Foolish Sidonia, clinging in her heart to the name she outwardly repudiated!

"Do you know what sort of a place this is?" pursued the Fiddler, with ever-increasing severity. "Do you know what people you are surrounded with? Have you not heard the common saying that if it be doubtful whether an honest woman—save the unhappy Queen—ever crossed these Palace doors, to a certainty no honest woman ever went forth from them? Why are you not with your husband? With your husband!" he repeated sharply.

Sidonia, who had hung her head, blushing, ashamed—for in truth she felt evil about her in every sensitive fibre—reared it on the last words.

"Geigel-Onkel," she cried, "I have no husband, and you know it. That is past and done with." Then her heart began to beat very fast, and the smarting tears gathered in her eyes. "On pity, I will be no

man's wife. I was wedded out of pity. I will have none of it. I would rather die!"

"O death," said the Fiddler, and struck his strings so that they wailed, "death is the least of evils. Nay, the release of a clean, proud soul . . . that is joy. The worst end of life is not death. Beware, little Madam." He had another change of tune: never had Sidonia been rated with such incisive earnestness. "Why, what a child are you! Yet none so childish but that you know full well this is no child's mischief, but woman's danger! With what anxiety am I here to save you from yourself; at what trouble! . . . Only that the rats are flying already from the falling house; only that I happened to meet the second violin of Jerome's orchestra, an acquaintance of old—a musical rat in full scuttles—I might still be racking my brains for means to come near you! Here am I this hour, wearing the livery of the Upstart, not knowing if I shall be given the necessary minute for speech. The prisons are stuffed full to-night, and Jerome is afraid of me. Let but his eye, or that of his spies, turn this way and recognize me, and it is to the lockup with Fiddle-Hans! O, then, what of Madam Sidonia? Back to your husband! You toss your head at me? It was through pride the Angel fell—and he was Star of the Morning!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Sidonia.

"Nay," said Fiddle-Hans, "you know too much already. Fie, what a dance will there be here before the house falls! Even now Jerome is plotting his last gratification. Did not his eye fall upon you? And you are to become Madame d'Albignac. The puppet King has very little time left, as his lieutenant knows, and he, d'Albignac, will be glad to save something out of the ruins. You are a prize to both—and they are amicably agreed."

"I don't understand," said Sidonia again. She went white, then red, trembled, and caught at the prickly stem of the palm.

"Take me away with you!" she broke out, of a sudden, piteously. "Save me!"

"I can not save you," answered the wanderer. His voice was harsh, yet it trembled; he drew a harsh chord from his string. "No one can save you but your husband. Go back to him."

Then he began to tune his fiddle with fury, for his fellow players were straggling back. Some of them looked curiously at the fine lady who was speaking to their unknown comrade so familiarly. Sidonia turned. Many of the great company were looking at her too. Right across the room she saw Jerome and his equerry still talking together; and, as they talked, their eyes (or so she fancied) ever and anon sought her.

Panic seized her. But, even in panic, Sidonia was loyal. She must not speak again to Fiddle-Hans, lest she bring him into deeper danger—Fiddle-Hans, her friend, the wild wanderer, in prison! In prison for her! That would be terrible.

She wheeled round; and then, like a hunted thing, pushed her way blindly through the throng, making for the shelter of the chancellor's apartment. People nudged each other, and whispered as she passed. At the door, an old lady with white hair and a soft pink-and-white face detained her by the skirt.

"Who are you, my dear, and whither so fast?"

"O please," panted the girl, "let me go. I am Sidonia of Kilmansegg." Even in her agitation she did not forget the name that was her shield. "I must go back to my aunt."

The old lady nodded.

"That is all right," she said. "There is nothing to be frightened at. And if you want any advice, my dear, or help, you have only to ask for Madame la Grande Marechale—that is myself. I am very fond of girls."

Her voice was purring, her smile was comfortable. As she moved away, Sidonia felt vaguely reassured. If her own kindred failed her, there was yet salvation: salvation other than the inadmissible humiliation of

that return to the man she loved, but who did not love her; all that cruel Fiddle-Hans would devise for her!

In the chancellor's apartment she found bustle and confusion. Two footmen staggered past her, bringing in trunks. The Burggrave's maids were running to and fro with folded packets of lace and silk.

For a second Sidonia stared aghast; then her heart leaped: Aunt Betty had received some hint and these preparations were for their departure—to carry her into safety! She burst into her aunt's room; yes, there was Betty, already engaged in donning a traveling garb, and ever and anon clapping jewels into their cases with fervid haste. She looked up, her olive face thunder-dark, as she recognized her niece.

"Did you look for me?" cried the girl. "It was Fiddle-Hans told me. I shall be ready in a minute! Where are we going?"

The Burggrave was silent for a second, fixing her with cold blue



The deed of annulment cropped between them



THIS IS MY OFFER

For \$5.00

I will make to you measure a pair of nobby trousers, equal in style, quality, workmanship and fit, to any pair of \$8.00 trousers made by any Merchant Tailor.

I ask no deposit—I do not want a penny of your money until you have received the trousers, tried them on and examined thoroughly every detail.

If they are satisfactory, pay the expressman. If they are not satisfactory, return them at my expense. A whole lot of people will say: "that man must have faith in his ability to make trousers, or he would not make such an offer."

I have faith in my ability—a great big heaping measure of faith—but I've got just as much faith in the judgment and common sense of the good solid American man who wears fine trousers.

I don't believe he wants to pay \$5.00 when he can get a pair of trousers equally as good for \$8.00.

I know—I am absolutely certain, that my \$5.00 trousers are equal to any merchant tailor's \$8.00 product, and that's why I am willing to take all the chances—to run all the risk.

I've been making trousers to measure for years—I never did any other business—I don't know any other business.

I don't make come-out-ventures—nor overcost—I make trousers—fine trousers only—and in this City of Rochester, the home of the very best Clothiers in the world—there is not a manufacturer who makes better trousers than I.

The trousers I make for you will fit you perfectly—they will hang gracefully and will keep their shape.

I care not how difficult you are to fit, I am positive that I can fit you perfectly. My cutters are among the most skillful in the land—my tailors are past masters in the art of perfect trousers making.

My offer is probably the best trousers offer ever made, and I frankly admit that it would be impossible to perform what I promise, were it not for my most modern facilities, low rent, and direct purchases of large quantities of woolsens direct from the mills.

My line of handsome patterns for Spring wear is very choice and supremely elegant.

My bookish, free samples of material and a very simple and accurate system of self measurement will be sent to any address on request. Write me to-day.

LEON WRIGHT, Rochester, N. Y.

"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 22)

eyes. Then she spoke quietly and decisively: "I am going back to Austria. I have done with Westphalia and all that belongs to it! I do not know what your plans may be, but they concern me no longer."

She closed the case she held in her hand; the little snap seemed to give final emphasis to her words. Sidonia stood bewildered.

"I have done with your Westphalia, my love," pursued the Burggrave with cheerful spite. "Done with your uncle, my Bluebeard, *en premier lieu*, and with Jerome, that plebeian, that upstart!" Intense was the scorn with which she spoke the words: had not he glanced past her dainty personality to-night, to fix his royal favor upon that schoolgirl! Betty laughed. "Fortunately I have relations, and they summon me to quit *cette canaille*. Oh, I have been privately warned! They give your Jerome and his kingdom a week more of life, if so much. In Austria, *Dieu merci*, I shall be far away. I shall not see the *fautche's* ridiculous fall!"

The young Countess of Waldorf-Kilmansegg stood stonily. Betty the Burggrave, running from place to place like a mouse, as she spoke, halted now in the middle of the room. Their eyes met, and their thoughts flashed at each other.

"And do you go alone?" asked Sidonia. In her own ears her voice sounded strange; her heart was gripped as by iron fingers. Betty laughed again.

"Who knows?" she answered. "I may, perchance, find an escort. Count Waldorf-Kilmansegg will have signed, ere long, a certain precious document of yours, which I hear they bring him to-night. Then it will be *'hop-la, postillon!'* with him also. He is my cousin," said pretty Betty demurely. "So, if I accept his protection it will be perfectly right and proper!"

Sidonia gave a sudden quiver, like a hind frightened. Then she turned and fled, even as the hind with the cruel hunt on her traces, and Betty's laugh pursued her as the note of the horn.

She ran headlong down the passage and struck against the burly figure of no less a person than the Burggrave himself. The omen of trunks had not yet met his eye; he was in high good humor. Indeed, he was of those that have no scent for omens. His kingly but now had promised him fresh territorial honor and rich reward, and he had no doubt of the royal power. There are those who would see the moving finger write and never spell warning from the awful letters.

"Whither so fast, my maid?" he inquired, holding her not unkindly. She clung to him with sudden passion.

"Oh, Uncle Ludo, take me away from this awful place! Take me away to-night, this hour, at once! Let us go back to the dear old Burg!"

"Why, what is this?" He pushed her from him, good-humored, bantering, fuddled with the royal Sillery. His sovereign and he had pledged a bumper to the heiress of Wellenshausen's altered prospects. "Na, na," said the Burggrave, and wagged his head jocosely. "Somebody would not be in such hurry to run away if somebody knew what her old uncle had planned for her! Hey, my dear, that hasty marriage of yours was never more to my liking than to yours, and now we have a new husband for you. Ay, and a place at court! Hey, little Sidonia? Such a fine husband, such a fine position!"

The girl raised her eyes, and desperately scanned his empurpled countenance. Again the Burggrave archly shook his head and laughter rumbled in his huge body. Ay, ay, it was the way of women to feign coyness, but men knew what was good for them. One must humor them from time to time, but never yield. She read something implacable in the stupidity of his eye. She thought of the old wild boars in the forest; as well might she try to appeal to one of those!

He clutched her hands in his hot grasp; a faintness came over her.

"Aunt Betty is packing," she cried wildly, inspired by woman's wit. "Don't you know? . . . She is going back to Austria."

"What!" roared the Burggrave, and released her. He cantered sidelong down the passage to Betty's room.

"If you want help," had said the soft-voiced old lady, "ask for la Maréchale de la Cour." If ever a poor daughter of Eve wanted help, it was surely Sidonia, standing between the Scylla of nameless evil and the Charybdis of dire humiliation.

It was not in her nature to hesitate: she paused but to catch up a traveling cloak in her room; then, seeking the outer corridor again, bade the first valet on her way guide her to *Madame la grande Maréchale's* apartment. She would wait (thought the girl) for the great lady's return from festivity. There must be refuge where such gentle old age presided, and good counsel, and aid forthcoming on the morrow for her journey back to the Thuringian forest.

The Maréchale's apartments were on the ground floor, and Sidonia thought fortune favored her when the porter informed her that the gracious one herself had that instant entered. Still more at ease felt she when the pretty old lady received her with open arms and cooing words of welcome:

"*Ma belle enfant*, this is well! I have presentiments. I expected you. That great bear of a Chancellor, your uncle, and the little mixx of a wife he has . . . (linnet-head, wasp-temper, ferret-heart, I know the kind! One look at her, *ma chère*, and I saw



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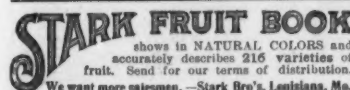
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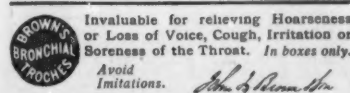
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"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 23)

it all; that was no place for you. Nay, you wanted a friend, my dear, and it is well you came to me, very well." She nodded; and the fine bird of paradise plume in her gauzy turban quivered over her soft white curls.

A second time that evening Sidonia had to struggle with rising tears, but these were tears of gratitude, of relief. Madame la Maréchale patted her on the shoulder, stooped to embrace her; there was a delicate atmosphere about her of Parma powder and amber-scented laces.

"It is good, my child," she murmured, "to have a friend at court, some one who knows the ways of it. *Ma petite*, you and I, we'll do great things together! Nay, but we will talk no more now. A little supper together? (*Hein, ma belle enfant*, what have you eaten to-day?)"

She rang a silver bell, and a smart sou-brette appeared; she stared with bold black eyes at the visitor.

"Bettine, *ma fille*," said the suave lady, "take . . . Mademoiselle into my chamber, and arrange me a little her coiffure before supper. You must be beautiful," she added, turning pleasantly again to Sidonia, "for I shall have a guest."

"*Par ici*, Mademoiselle," said Bettine briefly. As she led Sidonia across the threshold of a violet-scented, violet-hued bower, the lady's dulcet tones called after her: "And then, return to me, *ma fille*, I have to speed thee with a little note."

"It is well, Madame," answered the French girl, and closed the door.

Sidonia looked around, and there at the maid's hard face. It seemed to her as if a chasm had opened under her feet where she had thought to find firm footing. Her ears had been disagreeably struck by the word Mademoiselle and the emphasis that the old lady had placed on it. The reference to an expected visitor next filled her with inchoate suspicion, which the order concerning a note intensified. She now read an insolent meaning in Bettine's black eyes as they appraised her.

"Whom does your mistress expect to supper?" she asked with sharpness.

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Madame la Maréchale's supper parties are very amusing," she replied familiarly. "Little suppers *fin*, very amusing, very discreet. The great thing is that Mademoiselle should be beautiful. *Allons*, we must off with this cloak. Will Mademoiselle sit down? Oh, *que Mademoiselle est bien faite!* . . . *Mais coiffe* (Mademoiselle forgives me) in defiance of all common-sense!"

Now Sidonia knew, before she had the certainty into what a trap she had walked. And, with the clearness of her conviction, she also knew what she had to do. She sat down, silently, as bidden; and—while the odious touch of the Maréchale's maid played in her hair—made a steady inventory of the room. There was no door but the one leading back into the boudoir; great windows were curtained away behind the dressing table.

"Oh, how much better is Mademoiselle like this!" cried Bettine, falling back to admire her work.

Sidonia gave her own reflection an anxious scrutiny. One word, one look, one sign of weakness, and her hastily formed plan might be frustrated. . . . Beyond that possibility were the horrors upon which she could not look . . . upon which she would never look!

The Fiddler's words, "The release of a clean proud soul—that is joy!" came to her ever and again as upon a strain of his own music. And ever they brought her fresh strength and comfort.

"Oh, how beautiful is mademoiselle!" cried Bettine again, this time with genuine enthusiasm. "Positively, it is flames she has in her glance, and no rouge could beat me the color of those cheeks!"

"Bettine . . ." rose the Maréchale's silver voice from the next room, and Sidonia, flinging herself into her part with the instinct of the defenceless, smiled gayly on the French girl as she bade her go.

"Mademoiselle will not forget 'tis I who has adorned her, when she is in power?" insinuated the Maréchale's maid.

"I shall not forget," said Sidonia between her teeth.

When the lock had been closed between them, she seized the handle and noiselessly turned it. Fortunately the Maréchale liked discreet hinges, and Sidonia was able, noiselessly, to draw the door the necessary fraction of an inch apart, that she might listen. There was not a tremor in her hands. She held her breath lest a rustle of silk should betray her. Strong spirits rise to the great situation.

There was whispering within. The ear of the little heiress of Wollenshausen had been trained in forest glades, full of the small sounds of the lesser lives. She caught a word here, a word there.

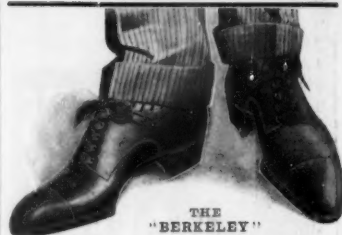
"The note . . . in his Majesty's own hands. . . . Thou hast well understood, my girl!"

"Mais oui, madame." Bettine's whisper carried far. But now the Maréchale made a softer communication of which the listener could gather no import, and to which Bettine's answer gave no clew. It was emitted with a laugh. "Oh, no, Madame deceives herself—we are not so scared as all that, believe me!"

A dulcet titter joined the insolent note of the servant.

"At least the little bird is in the cage," said the Maréchale, as she laughed.

It was more than enough. Sidonia closed the door. She found a bolt which moved as



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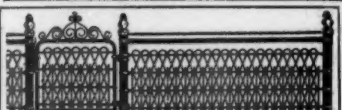
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"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 24)

willingly as all the rest under her fingers. . . Then a frenzy of haste came upon her. The cloak over her pale dress! The hood over Bettine's fine coiffure. And now the window! People who shut up a little bird in a cage should make sure that the bars are close enough to keep it safe, for the bird has wings and its heart beats toward freedom, toward the mate, toward the nest! The Maréchal's apartments were on the *rez-de-chaussée*; but had they been on the topmost floor that window would yet have been the way of Sidonia's flight.

Oh, how deliciously the chill pure air beat upon her face after that evil hothouse atmosphere! By the stillness and the spring fragrance, by the soft earth under her feet, she knew she had alighted into the palace garden. It was a murky night, and the rain was falling, the distant lights of the park gates glimmered fitfully.

Sidonia had no idea whither to turn, but the intention of her heart was undeviating as the flight of the homing bird. There was only one refuge for her now, only one place for her—her husband's breast. Her road was clear; she was going to Steven, and after that nothing would ever matter again.

She set off running in the direction of the gateway lamps. In a minute her light ball-slippers were soaked with wet, clogged with mud; her narrow skirts clung against her silk stockings; now she brushed against low bushes, now nearly fell. She could run no more; she must grope her way. But, presently her eyes became more accustomed to the dimness. The whiteness of an alley glimmered to her between rows of trees; it led down to the lights. Here on firm ground, she was able to make speed again, catching up her impeding skirts to free her flying feet. The gates were unlocked. There was not even a sentry in the box to challenge as Sidonia slid by. Within the lodge rose song and laughter and clinking of glass. Like master, like man!

Though the street on which she emerged was paved, it was meagrely lighted and contained but a few poor houses opposite the park walls. The road seemed to lead upward toward the country, downward toward the town. Almost without reflection, she took the downward turn, drawing the folds of her cloak more closely over her telltale garments, and the hood deeper round her face. Here she must go sedately, though the hammering of her own pulse seemed like the footstep of relentless pursuers, and the mad impulse was to keep ever running from them. It had been to her as a nightmare across the dark park, but the passage through the town was infinitely more terrible. She looked back on the close solitude as to a haven of shelter. Yet, unflinching, steadily, she tramped on, through the mazes of dirty streets, now pausing to ask her way of some respectable looking burgher woman—sometimes kindly answered, sometimes rebuked as a good-for-nothing, sometimes jeered at for her muddy finery. Once a gang of students surrounded her, laughing and dancing, mocking her in garbled French, and she thought she must have died of terror. When, however, one of them caught her by the waist, her anger rose and she reviled him in vigorous Thuringian; it was no true German who would insult a helpless woman! Whereat they all fell back from her, abashed and respectful, and she pursued her way with deliberate step, though her heart was beating to suffocation.

Further on, for the length of a street, a man with a dark outlandish face and gold rings in his ears followed her step by step, and that was the most awful moment of the night's pilgrimage. But, in the shadow of a porch, she marked the glint of a watchman's halberd; to him she went boldly and, in her dire strait, told him her story in the good mother tongue common to both, and begged him to guide her to the inn.

He listened to her in silence, his small shrewd eyes searching her face, as she instinctively thrust it from the hood, that its pleading should abet her words.

Then, breaking forth into a bitter curse against the foreigner, he held out his hand and took hers in it as if she had been a child.

And, like a child, she went gladly beside him, listening with a vague sense of comfort to the muttered words in which, in ever broader Thuringian dialect, he foretold the coming clean-out of honest Westphalia, the downfall of monkey tyrants and the approaching good days, when decent women could walk unmolested through the streets of old Cassel, and true-minded Germans would come to their own again.

"I AM the Countess Kilmansegg," said Sidonia to the sleepy servant who came to meet her at the entrance of the *Aigle Impériale*.

She was careless now of recognition, and flung back the hood from her fair disheveled head.

The man gaped at her. It was the "Mamzell Baroness." (The Burggrave had admitted no other title.) But the visitor's eye was imperious; without a word, he preceded her up the square dark stairs to the second floor room. He would have knocked, but she dismissed him. "I will announce myself," she said.

The room was warm and light, but it was empty. Sidonia's heart seemed to empty itself, too, and become an aching void. She closed the door and sat down hopelessly. But, after a while, a sense of shelter, a physical, a moral warmth of comfort crept upon her. She marked that Steven's chattels were scattered around. No fear then but that he

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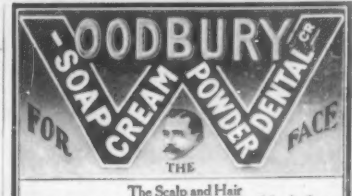
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"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 25)

would return! The vague fragrance of the lavender scent he liked brought his presence suddenly and vividly to her. The little bride melted into tears. She was worn out; her aching feet were stinging as she held them against the warm porcelain of the stove. Her whole being seemed melted, her spirit broken, but there was a balm sweeter than triumph in this hour of her woman's surrender. All Betty's words, her gibes and threats, even what had seemed to be Steven's actual admissions, passed from her mind as if washed away by these healing tears! There are moments when the soul can see beyond facts.

Presently the heat began to tell upon her exhausted frame. She felt herself floating away into vague little sleeps, to awake, her heart beating in her throat with reminiscences of past alarms. Thus she started at length from a vivid dream that the Burggrave and Betty, D'Albignac and Jerome, had tracked her and were carrying her back. She came to full consciousness of solitude, but could not still the wild fear of the nightmare. . . . Betty's cunning was as a sleuthhound, she would well know where to trace her. . . . The man below had recognized her; it would be bootless to lock the door, for one thrust of the Burggrave's shoulder would dispose of sounder defences—Steven would return, and never know. . . . She rose trembling from her seat and looked round. Then a quaint and childish thought sprang into her brain; the great old German bed in the alcove was hung with curtains; she would creep in to that inviting shelter and draw the yellow damask folds. There would she be safe as a bird in her nest behind the leaves—in a room within a room. And, hidden, she could listen for her husband's step.



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STEVEN LEE came heavily up the stairs. For two hours, raging at the sound of distant revelry, he had paced the palace hall, expecting an answer to his letter to the Chancellor, the Burggrave. In the end he had only escaped arrest by the help of a good-natured official whose heart inclined toward the handsome young stranger with the generous purse and the pale, stricken face.

Helplessly he had come back to the *Aigle Imperial*; perhaps Fiddle-Hans might be inspired to seek him! But it was a very different personality that sat, awaiting his return and feeding patience with cognac, in the public salon.

It was D'Albignac, the King's Master of the Horse. At sight of Steven he sprang to his feet, and saluted with a great air of cordiality, running over the Austrian's name and title, and announcing his own with glib affability.

"We have met before, sir," sternly said Steven, who was in fine humor for destruction.

"I think not," answered the equerry; his eyes had a red glitter which denied his smile. "I think not, M. le Comte. Nay, I am positive it is the first time I have had the pleasure of addressing you."

Steven shrugged his shoulders. "Have it so," he said contemptuously, and glanced at the bloated cheek against which his hand had once exerted. "After all, it is you who have the more striking cause to remember. What do you want with me?" he added with truly British bluntness.

D'Albignac's smile was stiff over his yellow teeth; his fingers twitched over the bundle of papers he had pulled out of his sabretache. But the Master of the Horse had no illusions as to the length of Jerome's power; and that document, once properly indorsed, meant his own future prosperity. It was worth a minute's urbanity toward one whom otherwise it would have been relief to hew down.

"I have business with you, business of delicacy, sir; but yet, I trust, easily despatched. A short private conversation between us two." He cast a meaningful look at the French officers playing piquet and tric-trac in their proximity.

"I can conceive no business," said Steven, "between us two, sir, but one. Nevertheless, come to my room. I can promise you that my answer will be of quick despatch."

So he walked up the ill-lighted stairs with D'Albignac clanking at his heels, and pushed his way into his bedchamber before him—the creature could not be treated otherwise than as the dog he was.

"Shut the door," said he, "and say your say."

Again D'Albignac successfully fought his own fury.

"A matter of delicacy, as I said, my dear sir. . . . Mademoiselle de Wellenshausen is, you are aware, now at the palace?"

"Are you speaking of Countess Waldorf-Kilmansegg?" put in Steven, briefly.

"Immaterial, now!" deprecated the other.

"The marriage, I understand, is regretted on both sides. Your signature here and we do the rest."

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It is not always by weight of hand or stroke of sword that man can have his sweetest vengeance upon man. D'Albignac, as he replied, knew that he was at last paying off scores: "The King," he said, "my King, his Majesty Jerome, takes an interest in the lady."

Steven felt suddenly as if the clasps of his cloak were strangling him. He tore them apart, falling back two or three steps that he might fling the burden on the bed. He must have his limbs free. The grating voice

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"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 26)

went on: "It is my sovereign's desire that the young heiress of Wellenshausen should espouse a member of his household. And his choice has fallen upon my servant—I may say the charming creature is not unwilling."

Confusedly, through the humming of the blood in his ears, Steven heard. Mechanically he gathered his cloak into a bundle and pulled the damask curtain aside. Then he stood silent, as if stricken, his back to his tormentor.

D'Albignac rubbed his hands together and chuckled. It was better than the most sounding return slap, better than feeling the easy steel run through flesh or grate against bone! The cloak glided from Count Kilmansegg's arm. He closed the curtains deliberately and faced his visitor.

"If you will leave the deed, Colonel," said he, "I will peruse it to-night and you can have it back in the morning."

He took the paper courteously from D'Albignac's hand. His face was paler than before; but there was a singular smile upon it, a singular light in the eyes.

"And it is the greatest heiress in Westphalia—What a *morgue* these Austrians have!" thought the Colonel, as he drew a noisy breath of laughter and relief. "The merest hint, it is enough!—Enchanted," he went on aloud, "my young friend, to find you so reasonable. I see you take me—Ah, yes, these are sad times, and the soldier of fortune (such as I am) can not afford to be squeamish. Hey! the King sips with Countess Kilmansegg . . . to-night—at this moment!"

Steven's smile flashed broadly a second. "He would grin on the rack," thought D'Albignac.

"A demain, Colonel," said Steven, "but not before noon, please."

His tone was quiet, even soft. He advanced without hurry toward his guest, tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and pointed to the door.

The two stood looking, eye into eye; and the brute rose again clamoring in D'Albignac's huge body. But something inscrutable in Steven's glance, its fire, almost its gayety, made him quail. He felt that he was more than matched, and broke ground with a clumsy bow, a failure for irony. His great boots resounded down the wooden stairs.

Steven parted the curtains cautiously and stood looking down upon the sleeping figure.

So the bird had come home, after all! Sidonia lay, like the weary child she was, wrapped in so profound a slumber that even D'Albignac's noisy presence had failed to disturb her. Her slender arms were outflung, her hands faintly curled in an attitude of utter relaxation. Through the parted lips her breath came as placidly as an infant's. The yellow hair sprang in tangled masses, aureole-like, round the little pale face. Never had her extreme youth so utterly betrayed itself. But how wan she seemed, how exhausted through all the placidity of her repose! The narrow satin skirts were unstained, one little silk-clad foot outthrust, shoeless, was stained with mire—ay, and streaked with blood.

His child-wife!

Over what rough ways had she come to him? past what chasm, blacker, deeper, more relentless, than the Baron's oubliette?

Slowly, hardly wotting what he did, Steven went down on his knees beside her, unconsciously still clutching the deed of annulment. An infinite tide of love, of protecting tenderness, flooded his whole being.

His child-wife!

The watchman was chanting the tale of the midnight hour when a peremptory knock at the door was heard and Fiddle-Hans broke in upon Steven. He halted for a second, though his mission was urgent, to wonder at the light on the young husband's face as the latter rose from his knees and came forward to greet him.

The musician had never thought so pure a joy could reach his desolation in this world. It was no surprise to him that Sidonia, waking, should thrust out a suddenly rosy face between the yellow curtains; he had known, through Steven's eyes, that the children he loved were together.

"Steven!" said Sidonia.

"Ah, Sidonia . . ." cried Steven.

He ran to her. And, regardless of Fiddle-Hans, they clasped each other, the deed of annulment dropping between them.

"Now, children!" said Fiddle-Hans, briskly—he was laughing, but the tears, which none had ever seen before in them, glittered in his eyes—"you will have plenty of time, by and by . . . now it is haste, haste, haste! I have a carriage for you waiting below. Ha, little Madam Sidonia, laugh with me! It is the Burggrave's own carriage—nothing less. Nay, German wives do not so easily escape their husbands, even at Jerome's court! My Lady Burggrave makes no journeying to-night, or ever, away from her lord! A berline, and four good post-horses . . . 'twere pity to waste them! Quick, children! for I tell you the night will not be over ere the storm break on this town!"

Sidonia had little preparation to make. She put on her cloak. From the depths of her hood her pretty face looked inquiringly at Fiddle-Hans. "Where are we going?" said she.

"Where?" echoed the wanderer with a lilt in his voice as if to echoes of music. "Where, but to the Forest, to the green arms that will hold your love so safely, so discreetly? To the Forest Horse, little Madam, whither I once brought a youth who had missed his

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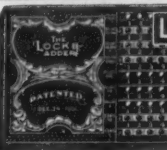
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"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW"

(Continued from page 27)

springtime and lost his way, that he might find them both!"

THE Fiddler sat on the box, and the horses went roundly. Sidonia lay on her husband's shoulder, half dreaming again, lulled by the drip of the rain without, the monotonous movement of the carriage, the rhythmic beat of the hoofs against the soft road. They had passed the inn of "The Three Ways," and the Forest had taken them into its embrace, when she started suddenly with a faint cry: "What was that?"

A dull booming still reverberated in her ears.

"That was cannon," said Steven. "It is the end of Jerome's kingdom."

By sunset they reached the Forest House, where there was great marvel and welcome, and a fine supper in the rafted room. Afterward they sat round the great hearth. And whenever they were not laughing and talking, the forest peace drew about the lovers and held them close, as Fiddle-Hans had prophesied. It was a blessed evening.

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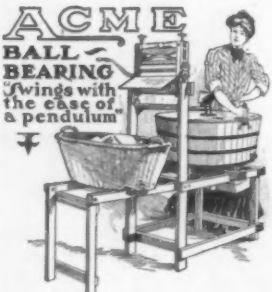
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LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES

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MARSHALL P. WILDER tells of the sad case of a Chicago man, member of a large furniture concern, who not long ago had occasion to visit New York on a matter of business for the firm.

Whether the Chicago man had too good a time immediately after his arrival in the metropolis does not appear, so no reason, other than that of mere forgetfulness, is assigned to account for the fact that he could not for the life of him remember the name of the firm with which he wished to consult in New York. After putting in a whole day in vainly striving to recollect this most important detail, he at last decided to wire his partner for the necessary information.

In an hour or two the answer came: "You are to see Blank and Dash. Your name is Hopkins."

WAX DOLLS OBSOLETE

SIMEON FORD tells of a little girl of his acquaintance who constantly carried about with her a big wax doll that the hotel man had given her.

Recently there arrived in the household to which the little girl belongs another youngster. During the afternoon following this interesting event Mr. Ford chanced to encounter his little friend on the street. He at once observed that she was without her usual companion, the big wax doll he had given her. "Why, Marie," said he, "where's your nice doll?"

Whereupon the little one elevated her nose to an unwonted angle. Said she: "I don't have any use for wax dolls now. We've got a real meat baby at our house, and that takes up all my time."

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The Last of the Yaquis

(Continued from page 14)

A constant and continued encroachment by the Mexicans followed, with a close connivance of the Government in order to bring about their utter destruction. This strife and trouble continued with the Mexican Government taking every undue advantage of the Yaquis, generally resulting in the Mexican troops getting the worst of every encounter, until finally, in 1900, a general uprising took place. In May of that year a detachment of Mexican troops were reconnoitring in the vicinity of Mazatlan and Concordia. They were on the road about twenty miles from the former place; here they were surprised by the Yaquis, and all but twelve were killed. In June, 1900, General Torres, the present Governor of the State of Sonora, led a large force of troops against the Yaquis, who were entrenched in a deep canyon, known as Cañon de Quila, near Culiacan, in the State of Sinaloa. Here he killed one hundred and forty men, women, and children, captured two hundred and thirty women and children, and issued an order to deport them into one of the southern states. It is a remarkable fact that these helpless women and children have never since been heard from and no amount of inquiry elicits any truth regarding their fate.

Arrangements were soon completed for leaving Guaymas for the interior. There was a convoy of twelve rurales along, in order that the little company might not be surprised at unseemly hours; but nothing unusual happened to disturb the peace of those making the trip. Our destination was the towns of Bacum and Cocori, both once owned and populated by the Yaquis, but now practically deserted, owing to the almost complete annihilation of the race by the Mexican Government. These towns are almost one hundred miles to the eastward of the seaport of Guaymas, and are located on and near the Yaqui River. It is a very rich and fertile country, and was formerly in a fine state of cultivation; corn, cotton, tobacco, fruit, beans, and the omnipresent maguey plant flourished in much better form, I was informed, than in any other portion of the republic. The rivers and creeks are full of placer gold, and the mountains to the eastward, which were also dominated by this race of people, are ribbed and sheeted with rich veins of gold, silver, and copper of fabulous wealth. Here was the real key to the whole situation, as we afterward discovered, and as we surmised long before the truth became evident. However, it was a prudent matter to leave the theme undiscussed as long as we were in that part of the country. For a generation the Mexican Government has been endeavoring to get possession of that portion of the country owned, by treaty and conquest, by the Yaquis. This is a very fertile section of Mexico located in the southern part of Sonora and in northern Sinaloa, possessing attractive features of its own. It abounds in the finest timber, is well watered, and has a soil of remarkable fertility. The game reserves are large, and it seems as though Nature had intended the country for some extraordinary purpose.

Our route lay along the famous Yaqui River, and in many places we saw the deserted farms, orchards, and homes of this persecuted people. At the little deserted town of Bacum the cavalcade halted only long enough to execute ten Yaqui men and boys by hanging them to trees, without a hearing or even an explanation. It was sufficient to be adjudged guilty of being a live Yaqui to have the death penalty inflicted in the most revolting form and in the quickest time. These men and boys were brought out with their arms closely pinioned and a rope placed around their necks, the end of which was thrown over a convenient limb of a nearby tree, tied to the pommel of a soldier's saddle, and the horse, spurred into a run, immediately jerked the poor victim into eternity. The photograph shows a single tree from which three of these men were suspended. After these "official duties" had been performed we set out for the old town of Cocori, twenty miles away. Here the Mexican soldiers had succeeded in capturing a band of thirty Indians, by the underhanded means of poisoning a large quantity of tequila (native distillation of the juice of the maguey plant) and leaving it where it was consumed by the Yaquis. Seven out of the number had died from its murderous influence when we arrived, leaving twenty-three to be disposed of. They were under a heavy guard in the compound or patio of a large adobe dwelling. Without further ceremony they were led out into the open court, pinioned with ropes and strongly tied together, lined up and shot by the twelve rurales—the most revolting, murderous barbarity that is permitted to exist on the western continent. It was sickening in the extreme and should be a just cause for international interference. On the return trip our party camped for the night at the village of Potam, situated on the Yaqui River. Here we found under a strong guard four men and two boys, who had been taken as prisoners by the soldiers on the serious charge of being alive. These people were taken along with our party to within six miles of the city of Guaymas, and after a secret and long-drawn-out conference among the officers at this point, they were arranged in a line, blindfolded, and shot by the rurales. I was credibly informed that these officers would report to the authorities at the City of Mexico that the executed men were desperate bandits who had tried to escape. The policy of the Mexican Government has recently been one of the most severe and ruthless aggression, killing all members of the tribe of both sexes.

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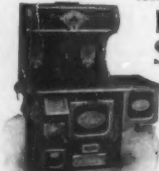
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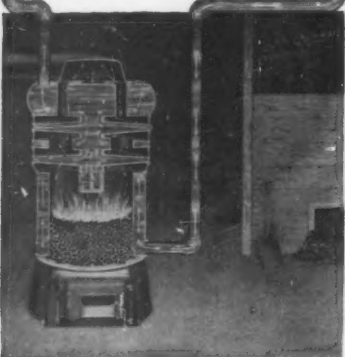
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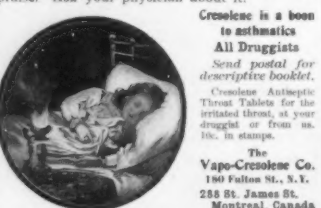
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A MONEY MAKER

(Continued from page 20)

But I had a string of amethysts Uncle Jim gave me round my neck. I remembered the sign of a place on Clark Street. They gave me enough for a ticket. I came just as I was, in this dress and all; it looks so dreadful because I sat up in it all night. No, no, don't worry, I was happy. I wrote to mamma on the train. And I had some money for breakfast, and this afternoon about six o'clock I got to New York. When I came here, you were all at supper. I went up and sat down in Annie's room. Annie found me there. She promised not to tell. She said Mrs. Gooch had read in to-day's paper about my failing. And I met Connie in the hall, as she came up to the party. She's kind, isn't she, always? She's going to take me home with her to-night. I can stay with her as long as I like, she says. I came a great many times to your door. Belinda cried to me; she knew. But there was always some one here. And I was afraid, besides. Oh, no, not of you. But of seeing you. I have been so unhappy, such a long time. I wanted so much to be with you, I felt as if maybe the first minute would—kind of—kill me, Matt, just as if my heart might break. I know it was silly. But then I guess I'm pretty faint. Matt, will you get me something to eat?"

He looked at her with a kind of startled blankness, and she persisted. "I think I must be very hungry."

"Hungry?" In this material world there is no word that knocks so sharply at the heart of love. Matt came vividly awake; the fact of her day's fast blotted out all other facts, and as he made for the door Leslie seemed already weaker, and in visions he beheld himself racing up and down the streets of the city in a prolonged search for food. He remembered the restaurant on the corner which was to send in Connie's supper; he wondered if it would be closed, and on the instant it was as if Leslie perished before his eyes.

He ran down the two flights of stairs; in the lower hall he encountered, like an Arabian genii, coming to his call, a rather frowsy waiter with a tray.

"What's this?" said he.
"Supper to the fourth floor back," said the waiter. The odor of hot coffee lent his statement an adorable emphasis.

"That's all right," said Matt. "I'll take it."
"No, you won't," said the waiter. "Who're you?"

"I was sent to look you up," said Matt. "You're late. They want a duplicate of this, and they want it in a hurry." He reached out his hand for the tray.

"What'd I let you have it for?" argued the waiter. "I'll go on up with it."

"Where's the bill?" said Matt. He looked at it and laughed. It was not quite half his week's expenses. He took a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket, and handed it to the waiter. "They'll pay you upstairs for the next trayful," he explained.

"Kindly keep your eye on them dishes, sir," said the waiter. "Last time there was a sugar-bowl broke." He restrained the wink that was quivering in his eye, and departed.

With Belinda in one arm, Leslie opened the door. She gave a little cry of pleasure and put Belinda on the bed. "How quick you were," she said. They looked round for a table; pulled out and cleared the wash-stand, and depositing the tray, whipped off the napkin that covered it. They could but smile. There was coffee and cold chicken, a single peeled tomato in a little garden, fruit and hot buttered toast, and jelly in a mold. Their eyes met across the banquet, and Leslie gave a little sobbing laugh.

"I've lost my handkerchief," said she.

Matt went over to the bureau to get her one of his. As he pulled at the drawer it seemed to stick. He was saying, "Shall we have Connie at—" The drawer stuck worse than ever—"at our wedding?"

"Oh, yes," said Leslie, "I promised her in the hall."

"When are we going to have it?"
"Don't you think," said Leslie, "about Tuesday?"

The drawer pulled out as smoothly as possible, and the handkerchief was secured.

She sat down in the squeaky rocker to pre-side over the feast. The soft lace cuff of her sleeve was crushed and soiled, and she pushed it above her elbow. "To-morrow," said Matt, "you shall shop all day."

"Oh, Matt!" she cried. She began to pour the coffee, and added softly, "You've got some money?"

"Plenty," said he.
"I haven't a single bit," said she, "but I knew you would have. You always could make money."

He was struck agape by the assertion. With rather a graceless laugh of triumph, he recognized its truth. What would the gossip of his mercenary scheming say now to this? The dear sense of her dependence rushed through him in a wave of liberating tenderness that seemed to caress her too with a touch of consecration. The curtains and the light and the sweet outdoor breath of blossoming things still flickered in the soft night air.

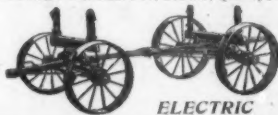
The supply of cutlery was limited; Leslie insisted upon eating her chicken with a spoon. But there were crumby Japanese napkins with beautiful pink borders, and Matt took some coffee in a tumbler, and they drank each other's health.

A hand of each of them crept together over the tablecloth of Mrs. Gooch's huckaback towel. Belinda stepped daintily across the bed, and sitting down by Matt, purred politely in reminder, and sat in civil expectation with her tail curled round her feet.

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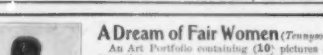
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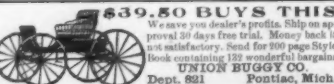
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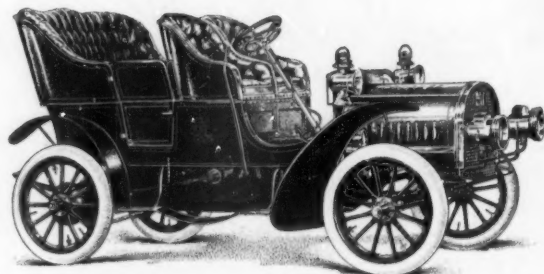
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Thomas W. Lawson to the People

The American people, as they thumb over the pages of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, are pondering at the meaning of Russell's and my work.

Ireland at the end of a hundred years of tortured struggle for Home Rule, will probably not attain that end before another five or ten have passed.

The French were fifty years trying to exchange their royal collar for the ballots of free men.

It took the stalwart strenuous Yankees a decade to convince Royal George that his room was better than his country.

The Russians have been working their bloody kinetoscope night and day in the interest of constitutional government, and are still at it.

Sixty days after the people had "Frenzied Finance" in their hands, the "Standard Oil" monster was compelled after forty years of silence to publicly doff its insolent bonnet to the people.

Three months after the people got their eyes fixed on the deviltries of the "System" they elected as President a people's champion, with a popular majority greater than ever given any of his predecessors.

Four months after "Frenzied Finance" was introduced into American homes three leading insurance companies were discharging their agents in bunches, and the aggregate business of the three was falling off at the rate of \$4,500,000 a week.

After five months, a single blast of truth from one man shook Wall Street to its foundations and over \$200,000,000 of what the people have been taught to believe was real values ran off into the gutter in the form of dirty water.

In six months, for the first time in the history of our country, the President of the United States was able to take by the throat the greatest business combinations and trusts the world has ever known, and shake them until their teeth chattered and their back bones rattled like hung dried corn in a fireplace when the wind gets at it.

In seven months the greatest national bank in the country, The City Bank of New York, was being hung up by the heels where all the people could see it in a lower and more contemptible transaction than I had even accused it of.

In eight months one of the greatest insurance companies of America was rent by internal dissensions and its trustees were gouging and mauling each other in a public brawl as to who saw the people's savings first and who should have the larger part of the loot. Now these trustees of a great and sacred institution are accusing each other of things and hinting at crimes which even I have not touched upon.

And now, Kansas—God Bless her—has risen and is sweeping her end of the "System" into the muddy waters of the Missouri to the tune of "Douse the dirty reptiles—douse!"

The people should ponder these things as they read this month's issue of

Everybody's Magazine

THOMAS W. LAWSON

Aid the Natural Changes

of the skin by using HAND SAPOLIO. If you want a velvet skin, don't PUT ON preparations, but TAKE OFF the dead skin, and let the new perfect cuticle furnish its own beauty. Those who use HAND SAPOLIO need no cosmetics—Nature, relieved, does its own work, and you will gain, or retain, a natural beauty that no balms or powders can imitate.

THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child, is a visit to the bath-tub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. USE HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases every one.

THE PERFECT PURITY of HAND SAPOLIO makes it a very desirable toilet article; it contains no animal fats, but is made from the most healthful of the vegetable oils. It is truly the "Dainty Woman's Friend." Its use is a fine habit.

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth, and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

INSIST

Do it gently, wisely, but firmly.
Insist on having **HAND SAPOLIO**
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He may be slow—hasten him a bit!

He may be timid—don't blame him, he has often been fooled into buying unsalable stuff—tell him that the very name **SAPOLIO** is a guarantee that the article will be good and salable.

He may hope that you will forget it—that you do not want it badly—Insist, don't let him forget that you want it *very* badly.

He can order a small box—36 cakes—from any Wholesale Grocer in the United States. If he does, he will retain, and we will secure, an exceedingly valuable thing—your friendship.

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We cannot undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with **HAND SAPOLIO**.

It costs but a trifle—its use is a fine habit.

HAND SAPOLIO neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve their necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a healthy complexion. Test it yourself.

For Everybody at Home—HAND SAPOLIO

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THE SCHOOLBOY, because its use insures him "Perfect" marks in neatness.

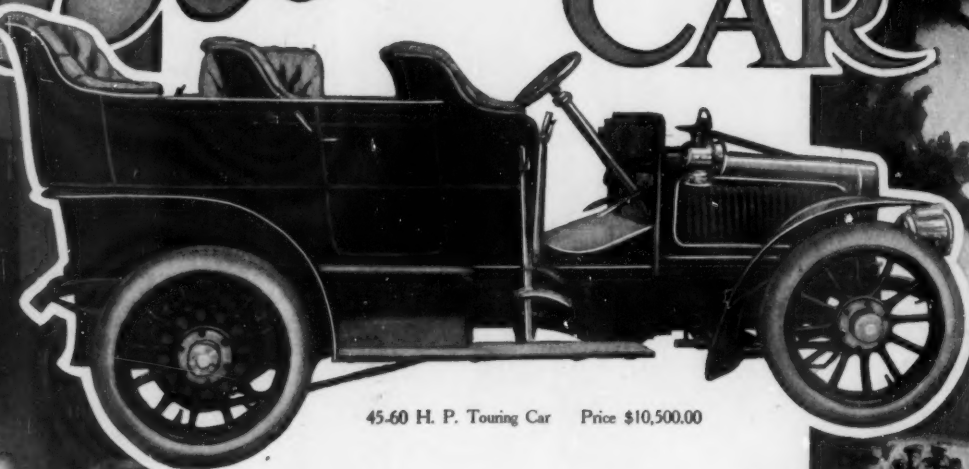
THE "BIG SISTER," because it keeps her complexion and hands soft and pretty.

THE BUSY MOTHER, because it keeps her hands young and pretty in spite of housework and sewing.

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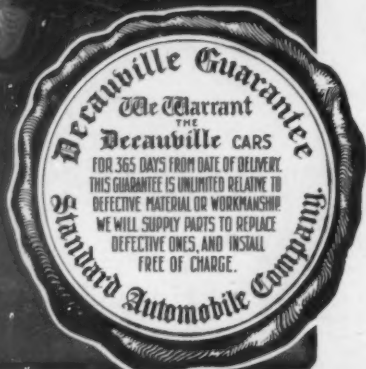
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Model B



Model C



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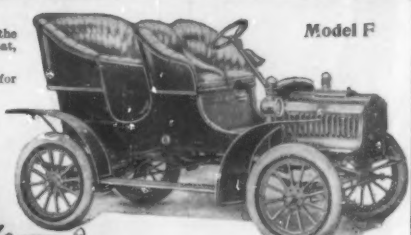
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The Doctor's Car

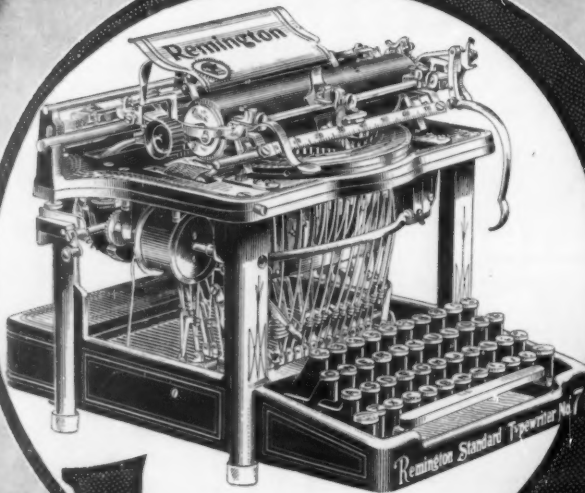


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